

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXXVIII
No. 2448

and BYSTANDER

London
June 9, 1948



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE
SODA WATER

TONIC WATER
GRAPE FRUIT

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE

Back for old friends abroad—but very scarce at home

Meet me in
FORTNUM'S
RESTAURANT

FORTNUM & MASON LIMITED, PICCADILLY

**SHAFTESBURY
HOMES** & ARETHUSA
TRAINING SHIP

HAVE

DURING 104 YEARS

HELPED

NEARLY 38,000 CHILDREN

FUNDS NEEDED

164 SHAFTESBURY AVE., LONDON, W.C.2

Presta

SOFT DRINKS

Bottled by THE APOLLINARIS CO. LTD.,
at their works at Colindale, Edenbridge and Eiland

TONIC WATER
LEMONADE
GINGER ALE
GRAPE FRUIT
GINGER BEER
ORANGINA &
FRUIT SQUASHES

**SANDERSON
WALLPAPERS
and FABRICS**

52-53 Berners St., London, W.1; 6 & 7 Newton Terrace, Glasgow, C.3

**Grant's
Scotch
Whisky**

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

**HIGHLAND
QUEEN**



Grand Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD
LEITH - SCOTLAND

as intriguing as scandal...
as rich as a favourite aunt...
as original as its own flavour...

that's

PRUITT

the favourite
apéritif

Rawlings and Sons (London) Ltd.

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs
Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO. LTD., 12 YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

Individuality



BROOKLANDS

OF BOND STREET

Sole London Distributors
SHOW MODEL AVAILABLE

103 NEW BOND ST W.I.
MAY 8351.



"Go on with your list of butterflies," said the Red Queen.

"Well, there's the Small Copper," Alice began.

"Over there," said the Queen, "you'll see a Large Copper — one of the largest in the Force, in fact."

"What does he live on?" Alice asked.

"He'll live on to a ripe old age if he goes on drinking a Guinness a day," said the Queen.

"And there's the Red Admiral," Alice went on, "It's really Red Admirable, you know." She was rather proud of knowing this.

"In my hand," said the Queen, "you will see a Head Admirable. It has an entirely natural history — it is made of nothing but barley, hops and yeast."

"And what does *it* live on?"

"It lives on top of a Guinness."

"Supposing someone drinks the Guinness."

"Then the Head would be consumed with joy."

"But that must happen very often," Alice remarked thoughtfully.

"It always happens," said the Queen.





The TATLER and BYSTANDER

Two Shillings

LONDON

JUNE 9, 1948

Vol. CLXXXVIII No. 2448



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL dancing with Mrs. Maclaine, wife of the Maclaine of Lochbuie, during a visit to the Churchill Ball held at the County Buildings, Perth. The Ball, which was very well attended, was in aid of the funds for Airborne Forces dependants. A few days previously Mr. Churchill had unveiled a memorial in Westminster Abbey to submarine crews, Commandos, Airborne Forces and Special Air Service men fallen in the war



Watching play in the final of the British Amateur Golf Championship at Sandwich, won by Frank Stranahan of Toledo, U.S.A.

Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

PLAYS presented in the open air seem to invite all manner of distraction.

If it is not a bumble-bee bothering Juliet in the middle of a love scene it is some line or other that the wandering mind seizes on for wilful misinterpretation.

"This is my palace," announced a character in Jean-Paul Sartre's *The Flies* at Oxford the other evening. "As you see—in the worst provincial taste."

There was modest laughter at that, for the "palace" was the Deer Park façade of Magdalen. What a setting of enchantment!

"You look pale," said another character.

"It's the long journey," was the answer.

I was possibly the only one who smiled at this, and bitterly, having travelled from town in a slow train with a restaurant car serving the most appalling meal I have ever paid for, even on the old G.W.R. at its worst—which is saying something.

"Why come here?" then demanded a character. "There are plenty of other towns with smiling people and wines. . . ."

I joined in the discreet grins which greeted this remark, doubtless prompted by the knowledge of a shortage of beer in the Oxford neighbourhood.

EXCEPT that the play has a classical Greek setting, Jean-Paul Sartre's allegory seemed an odd choice for Magdalen's players.

The Flies is one of those double-entendre political dramas which helped the French to endure the terrible frustrations of the years of German occupation, but it is almost impossible to capture the mood in which it was first presented in Paris—years when the French were taking a morbid pleasure in searching their souls.

One of the characters says scoffingly: "The queen? She is indulging in the popular pastime of self-revelation."

I said it was an odd choice because this satire on the state of France in the years that led to disaster fits uneasily into the gently pastoral and essentially English setting of the Deer Park, with the old water mill beyond the trees, and the soft brooding calm, even the distant echoes of the players' voices seeming to be wrapped in English haze.

This is the height of the play-producing season at Oxford. You could have the choice of the masque produced in the Radcliffe Quad in honour of Princess Elizabeth or a fiftieth anniversary revival at the Repertory Theatre of Chekov's *The Seagull*.

(Mention of seagull reminds me that a friend told me that one of his workers asked for time off as he was "acting in the masque." Asked what was his rôle, he said: "I'm in charge of letting off the pigeons at the end"—and, said my friend, he did it beautifully.)

One of the loveliest open-air productions I ever saw was at Oxford in 1934 when Max Reinhardt was invited to produce *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—a production which he had perfected through the years. Perhaps of all plays this is the most suited to pastoral treatment.

Reinhardt was very touched by this Oxford invitation, for he was even then an exile from Berlin. The day was not far distant when he was also to be exiled from his beloved Salzburg, where he lived in splendour at Leopoldskron, a grave and rather frightening personality.

I WENT to see his open-air production of Goethe's *Faust* in the riding school, cut into the rockside of the Schloss, at Salzburg. It proved an amusing evening, for after an hour of *Faust* a mountain storm descended and the performance was abandoned.

We then retired indoors, where I have a memory of meeting Marlene Dietrich, who achieved the distinction of wearing a black-sequin dress, holding a big stein of beer in one hand and a frankfurter sausage in the other—which only a German-born woman could do, I fancy.

Some years later I saw another Reinhardt production, in Salzburg, and this was one of the most exciting theatrical experiences I have ever had.

The production was the medieval morality play *Everyman* (or "Jedermann") with Alexander Moissi, and it took place on a blazingly hot afternoon in the cathedral quadrangle—not, one would have thought, a setting encouraging to theatrical artifice. But the playing was so superb that one forgot the audience and became wholly absorbed by the action.

There was one unforgettable moment.

"Jedermann!" called one of the characters on the platform on which it was played. "Jedermann!" And then away in the distance came the ghostly echo, "Jedermann! Jedermann!"

It was one of those performances that leave

the audience so exhausted at the end that one forgets to applaud.

THAT evening in Oxford I went to an inn in the town and saw hanging on the wall an old *Vanity Fair* cartoon which I took, a few yards away, to be that of Oscar Wilde.

It was the other Oscar.

The label read "O.B." and it was a cartoon of Oscar Browning in the 'nineties. How this great man of Cambridge came to be hanging in an Oxford pub I could not discover, and the landlord did not know.

Oscar Browning was before my day, but he must have been a man of tremendous personality to have had such influence on succeeding generations at Eton and Cambridge. I once listened to the "inside" story of his dismissal from Eton, which caused a national sensation in the 'eighties. Young George Nathaniel Curzon was mixed up in it in some way or other.

Who was there to-day whom one could say had influence comparable to that of Oscar Browning? I could think off-hand only of Sir Edward Marsh—whom I had last seen in Oxford. "Eddie" Marsh's enthusiasm for and encouragement of young poets from Rupert Brooke onwards must have been a potent factor in the development of English poetry in succeeding decades.

Of "Eddie" Marsh's influence on the drama I would hesitate to judge; I suppose few men have given such enthusiastic applause to so many bad plays.

To see him sitting in the stalls as delighted as a child at its first pantomime is a first-night experience of which I never grow tired.

Men of wide enthusiasms are not often to be found in these rather grey days.

Sir Edward Marsh can claim one unusual distinction which has nothing to do with either poetry or the theatre. When he was private secretary to Mr. Churchill he taught him the value of that afternoon nap which has since played such an important part in the Churchill daily régime.

He likes to have not just a nap, but to get between blanket and sheets for an hour or so—preferably between tea and dinner.



OXFORD is still arguing about that projected road across Christ Church meadows, the lorries are still thundering down the High, and the shopping crowds are still flocking along the narrow pavements of the Cornmarket.

What a mess have industry and civic sloth made of the city!

The eager student from abroad who comes to Oxford hoping that it will teach him something of the art of life must be shocked by his first sight of Oxford's doorstep. And I dare prophesy that they will still be arguing about the by-pass road in 1958.

The week of my visit the papers were printing pictures of undergraduates jumping into the river to proclaim their love for a selected young lady in a punt—an encouraging display of ebullience. The impression I have had at Oxford nowadays is that the undergraduate is of rather a serious nature. It was the same after the first war, and it was not until the 'twenties were well under way that flippancy returned to undergraduate life; or so I am assured.

YET I recall being told of one adventure in the immediate post-war days last time.

T. E. Lawrence had returned for a while from Arabia, but found the damp calm of Oxford irksome after the exhilarations of the desert. One of the plans he elaborated was a raid on the Deer Park of Magdalen, the driving of the deer across the city at night to, I believe, the gardens of St. John's. Whether the scheme necessitated the setting-up of tents there I cannot remember—Lawrence left Oxford to its fate soon afterwards, his Magdalen mission unfulfilled.

The memory of Lawrence must be in many people's minds just now. There was something of the same fanaticism in him that imbued that other promising man of genius, the late General Orde Wingate. If one thinks that the present state of affairs is the ultimate in chaos, one might well dwell on what it would be like to-day if both were alive—with Lawrence on one side of the Jordan with the Arabs, and Wingate on the other with the Zionists, to whose care his widow is now somewhat melodramatically committing the son and heir he never lived to see.

Of the two men, Lawrence was far and away the more fascinating personality, I have gathered, although, knowing a little of Lawrence, I never met Wingate.

By the way, I mentioned Sir Edward Marsh a few paragraphs back.

I found the other day one of Lawrence's last letters written to Marsh and mentioning Winston Churchill's fall from office in 1929:—

"He is a good fighter and will do better out than in.

"He will come back in a stronger position than before. I want him to be Prime Minister."

IT was in Oxford that I heard for the first time that Princess Elizabeth has French blood in her veins, indeed that she is a Protestant "boulonnais," and ranks as "notre cousine Elizabeth."

The story starts with one, Ambroise du Tertre, who left France for Holland at the time of the revoking of the Edict of Nantes in 1686. In Holland he married an Elizabeth van Haerscotte, and a daughter married Colonel Bernard Bentinck.

From there on it seems plain sailing, for the mother of the present Queen was a Cavendish-Bentinck, and a member of the Duke of Portland's family.

One has to come to Oxford to hear these interesting pieces of intelligence.

Words Without Songs

Cantrip: INCUNABULA

There is a word,
Not often seen
And never heard;
Thin, nacreous green—
What does it mean?
Hush . . . something stirred—
Incunabula!

Whispered, perhaps,
At night between
The mummied chaps
Of Thothmes Umpteen—
What does it mean?
Once more, in caps.,
INCUNABULA!

Watch it unfold,
Pale, phosphorine,
Sarcophagus-old,
Cryptic, unclean—
What *does* it mean?

Oh! I've been told . . .
Incunabula.

—Justin Richardson



PRINCESS ELIZABETH visited the Bath and West Show at Cardiff after receiving the Freedom of the city. She is seen with Col. H. C. Batten, D.S.O., the Steward of the Ring. While at the Show the Princess saw a parade of the Glamorgan foxhounds and a sheepdog demonstration. She received the Freedom of Cardiff in the City Hall, and her speech in reply received very wide and favourable comment.

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"All My Sons" (Lyric, Hammersmith)



In the Old Back Yard the family are at loggerheads. Chris Keller (Richard Leech) harangues his father, Joe Keller (Joseph Calleia) on the ethics of passing faulty aircraft parts, while Kate Keller (Margalo Gillmore) listens with disapproval. On their left are Ann Deever, Chris's fiancée (Harriette Johns), and her brother, George (John McLaren), and in the background Doctor Jim Bayliss (Hugh Pryce) again has the worst of the argument with his wife (Louise Lister), while Frank and Lydia Lubbey (Peter Hutton and Barbara Todd) pursue their own concerns. Above all broods the awful boy, Bert (Robin Netscher)

WITH this play Mr. Arthur Miller won the year's award made by the dramatic critics of New York. The public, naturally suspicious of what has pleased a body of experts, may be assured that the prize piece is good theatre absolutely and not merely good on points.

It tells a highly emotional, curiously moving story. Joe Keller is a small town manufacturer who has made money in the war, has knowingly passed out faulty engines to the Air Corps and allowed his partner to go to jail for it.

One of his sons is missing, the other comes back a hero, and to him the father proudly makes over his business. All would be well with Joe if the son did not become engaged to his brother's fiancée, the daughter of the partner still in prison. His wife is unfriendly to the engagement because it is an article of faith with her that some day the missing boy will come home. It is this unfriendliness which provokes the girl to divulge a letter from her dead lover telling her he is about to crash his plane in shame at the deaths of friends killed in his father's rotten planes. Joe's guilt is established; the love of his son turns to contempt; and he shoots himself.

THUS told in outline the story may appear faintly bogus, but the manner of its telling on the stage gives it, if not complete verisimilitude, a powerful and continuing hold on the imagination. Joe is something more than a stage scoundrel. He is a kindly man, blinded by love of his own family to all moral obligations outside it.

If he had pointed out the defects in his planes the factory might have been closed and his family deprived of the money on which they were to flourish happily. After that first fatal step there could be no turning back; and the final establishment of his responsibility for the deaths of twenty pilots and of his own son takes him almost by surprise.

Throughout the play Joe communicates the truth that no murderer is, to himself, as other murderers are, but exceptional, pitiable, isolated by special circumstances, desiring sympathy as a child desires refuge from a storm. The influence which his wife may have had upon him when the fatal decision was made is adroitly left to surmise; but she is a remarkably disingenuous woman. Why does she hold with almost crazy tenacity to the belief that her missing boy will return? Because if he does not return Joe will be morally responsible for his death, and that is a thought she will not let into her mind. "Joe, be smart," she admonishes, whenever a hint of the ugly truth appears.

THERE is no wonder that the play pleased the critics, for, technically, it is full of good things, none better, perhaps, than the stealthy suddenness with which drama invades the sunny domesticity of the Kellers' back yard. At one moment all is suburban warmth and friendliness; at the next a new colour, strange and sinister, has glided into the scene, and in a little while there is no colour in the kaleidoscope that is not tinged with dubiety. I have not for a long while seen drama enter a new play so impressively.

THE acting is fully equal to its opportunities. Mr. Joseph Calleia, though his voice occasionally flattens into inaudibility, gives a sensitive and powerful presentment of Joe; Miss Margalo Gillmore passes smoothly to and fro between cosy domesticity and tense emotionalism; Mr. Richard Leech represents the son with good judgment; and the company give their principals expert backing.

Erratum

In THE TATLER of June 2, photographs of the first night of *The Paragon* were published stating that it was at the Phoenix Theatre. This was incorrect. *The Paragon* is at the Fortune, while *The Relapse* continues its successful run at the Phoenix.



The party at this supper table consisted of Mrs. L. G. Mason, Mr. K. Mason, Miss M. Mason, Mr. R. Playfort, Miss Audrey Thomas, Mr. T. Kessling, Miss S. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. D. Mansfield and Mr. L. G. Mason. The Ball was held at the Dorchester, and a very large company was present

GUESTS AT THE R.N.V.R. CLUB'S MAY BALL



Mr. Jon Pertwee, of the B.B.C., son of Roland Pertwee, with Miss Audrey White



Richard Murdoch, of "Much-Binding-in-the-Marsh" fame, with Mrs. Murdoch



Commander Harry Vandervell, founder and president of the Club, with Miss Joan Kirkley



Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. A. D. Pallister, Capt. and Mrs. John Salter and S/Ldr. and Mrs. F. de M. Culpin



Lt.-Cdr. D. E. Moxey and Miss V. A. Ross sit out one of the dances



Lt. and Mrs. J. S. Holgate were two more who enjoyed a very pleasant evening



Mr. Dermot Moeran, Mrs. Neil with her husband, Peter Neil the actor, and Mrs. Dermot Moeran were members of another supper party

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

The Latin Look

GOING through a precious batch of *New Yorkers* the other day, I came across an article about black market dealings in Italy. How beautifully at length the classic approach for which he had almost fallen, the American author summed up:

"One of the oldest confidence tricks in the world. But how beautifully the Italians do it. How beautifully the Italians do everything."

We have already learned with startled delight how beautifully the Italians make films. Until we see them mass-produced on the same scale as British or even French, let alone Hollywood products, each new Italian film continues to startle and delight by the freshness of its approach. *Quattro Passi Fra Le Nuvole*, at the Curzon, is, if possible, even slighter in subject matter than *Vivere in Pace*. It has nothing as important as the war even as a disturbing background. Technically it is if anything even less polished, the photography less brightly sunlit; but it glows with the same warmth of heart, the same flash of truth in little things.

The new picture is also in the same tragi-farcal style, with the abrupt changes which would be disconcerting if they were not taken so naturally. *Quattro Passi Fra Le Nuvole* has an opening of the most riotous absurdity seen since Chaplin. A modest, roundish commercial traveller is setting off in the usual morning frenzy: the domestic tiff, the undone bootlace, the sardine-squeezed tram. And then the train: the shouldering and trampling; the chivalrous manners of the gentlemen who prefer their reserved seats to be occupied by their own luggage than by a female in distress; the unpacking in search of tickets; the ticket collector's "insolence of office." Our hero (Gino Cervi) does in fact relent, after turning a very distressed young girl out of his seat, and makes her sit down again. As a reward he is mocked by his colleagues for such weakness and turned off the train by the ticket collector for failing to produce his season ticket.

LATE trains seem still to be to Italian comedy what mothers-in-law are to our own. But the train is only the beginning. The irate traveller has to go on by bus. The bus, standing dusty and immobile outside the driver's house, is even more reluctant to start than the train, and ignores the impotent impatience of the passengers, among whom is the damsel in distress from the train (Adriana Benetti)—I was not sure how she got there, but it didn't seem to matter.

The driver emerges and moves sullenly towards his seat when a shout announces that he is the father of a son. The importance of the news is immediately acknowledged. Everybody but two very

dry old sticks understands that the driver must rush once more indoors, all the frustration of the passengers dissolves in shared celebration, in silly, happy songs and drinks all round on the proud father.

Like the similar scene of rowdy, happy hysteria in *Vivere in Pace*, this lovely sequence has been allowed to go on a minute past the peak of laughter. But every detail of the shared crisis lives, every mood is so truly poised that the film slips smoothly from this whole-hearted caricature into pathos and rustic drama.

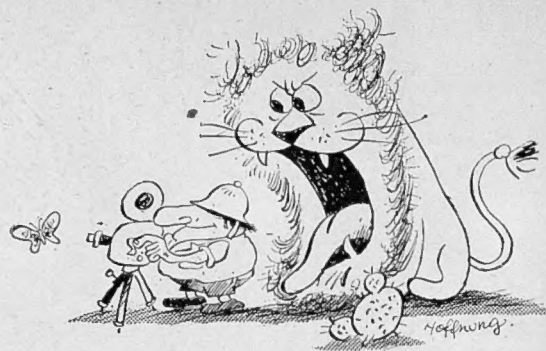
AT the next stop we are shown the bus, not standing square, but from over the shoulder of a grassy slope. The girl of the train gets out, lugging her heavy case. Again the hero goes with her a little way and shows no great courtesy or marked attention, but common kindness. Her story comes rushing out, one of the oldest in the world: her father will turn her out of the house when he knows, if the kind stranger would only accompany her home and pose as her husband for a few hours. . . . What can he do? I have called him a hero for convenience but he is far from heroic; just a commonplace commercial traveller who ought to be going about his own business. But what can he do?

Irritated and unwilling he agrees and accompanies her to the farm where there can be no question of an hour or two. The patriarchal peasant, his first fury stilled, is not to be denied the public honour due to his daughter and her husband, the dinner for all the neighbours headed by the parish priest; and finally, inescapably, the best bedroom vacated by the parents for the first time in thirty years.

THE situation could be one for grossest farce, but although the comedic view is not forgotten, it grows more rueful and the drama more poignant as the night goes on and the traveller makes his way to sleep under the haystack, leaving the ancient grandfather to while away the small hours playing draughts with the visitor's sample chocolates.

Next day the father has found out the truth and has painfully summoned the dignity to accept the stranger's explanation. The suspense of waiting for the peasant's answer to the plea to show his daughter at least as much pity as the stranger has shown is as tense as any race-against-time finish.

Unfortunately the programmes cannot identify for us the wonderful actor who makes the peasant's ferocity and dignity so heartrending. But Gino Cervi as the ordinary decent fellow never seems to put an eyebrow wrong in his study of just how funny and how pathetic it is to be human. That is as near as I can get to defining the essence of these



Italian films: their attitude of affectionate tolerance, of compassion towards all creatures, and the unfailing taste which stops always this side of sentimentality.

AT La Continentale, Tottenham Court Road, the first Argentine picture, *Spanish Serenade*, is a life of Albeniz quite free from the vulgarity customary in screen biographies of composers—although I dare say Albeniz is slightly ennobled. It is a good hour too long, has no pretensions to cinema art, and none of the subtlety or suppleness of the Italian school. But it does suggest the same simplicity and dignity. The music is sheer pleasure, as perfect for film as for ballet; there is a typically thrilling Spanish dancer; and the actors all look at home in their costumes, which is a far higher and rarer compliment than it may sound.

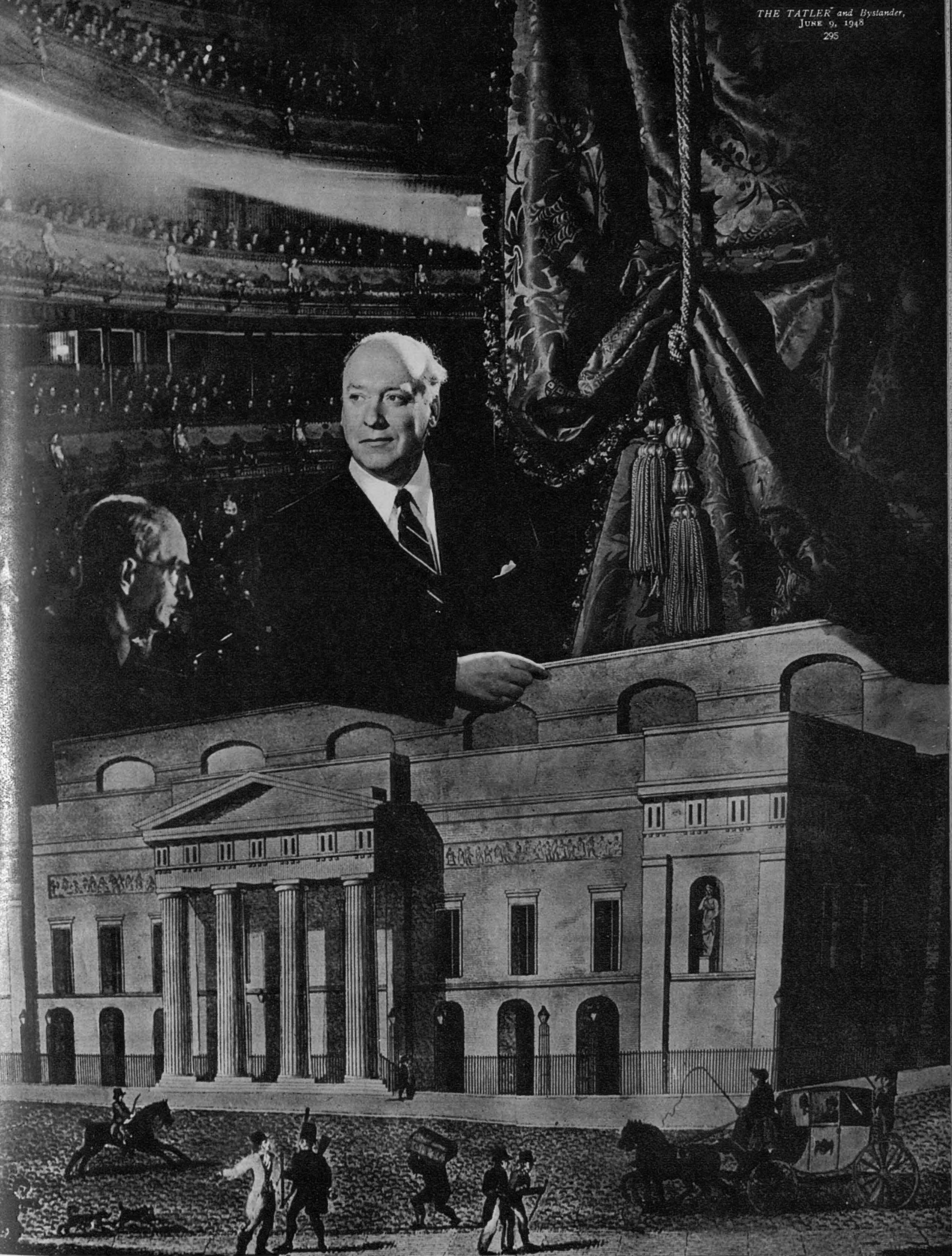
Beside these civilized Latin pictures the Anglo-American offerings of the same week seem quite barbarian, though I must confess to a weakness for *The Calendar*, at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion. I was never a devotee of Edgar Wallace and did not see the play; but a childhood addiction to the paper-backs of Nat Gould and to the Irish hunting romances of Dorothea Conyers endears the film to me.

Here are all the old friends: the gentlemanly hero (John McCallum) racehorse owner, let down by a vindictive gold-digger (Greta Gynt); a lady trainer (Sonia Holm) who loves unnoticed until wanted, a rich nincompoop (Raymond Lovell) and his seedy hanger-on (Sydney King); the faithful ex-burglar butler (Leslie Dwyer) whose experience comes in handy to retrieve the family pearls and the jockey who lies to the stewards out of loyalty and habit when the truth is what's wanted. It is all true to nothing in the world except the fiction of the turf, but it is entertainingly true to form. If we can't make first-rate pictures this is a much more amusing kind of third-rate.

One of the best moments is when the generous bookie threatens to have Miss Gynt blackballed from Tattersall's if she won't sign his cheque.

NO relief is to be found in the three pictures by American companies. *Body and Soul* at the Empire is the long one about the boxer (with John Garfield as the body). *I Love Trouble* is the little one about the private detective (with Franchot Tone as "I"). *So Evil My Love* is the one (Victorian period) based on a Joseph Shearing novel. The only difference about it is that it was made in England and wastes a prodigious deal of good British talent, much of it—including the director, Lewis Allen—with valuable Hollywood training. Ann Todd does the best film acting she has yet done, playing the missionary widow who lets love turn her into a thief and poisoner as though she believed every word of the part; while Ray Milland, as the cause of her downfall, says his lines as though he thought them as silly as they are.

DAVID WEBSTER who is General Administrator of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, is a Scot from Dundee, and has spent most of the last twenty years as one of Liverpool's foremost business men, following a brilliant career as an economics student at that city's University. But he has been passionately interested in the theatre from his earliest days, and while at the University gained more than local renown for his amateur productions. Leaving the University he quickly attained a high position in Lord Woolton's (Sir Frederick Marquis as he then was) organizations and shortly before the outbreak of war became general manager of the largest store in Liverpool. He also became chairman, to its great advantage, of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. With the progress of the war he found himself combating absenteeism in munition factories, with great success. In the light of these achievements, and his enthusiasm for everything connected with music and the theatre, his appointment to Covent Garden was a happy omen for the future of opera in London.



George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. the Amir Abdul Majid Haidar, the Transjordan Minister

IN the many dark hours when audible, if minor, prophets foretold the early destruction of the British Empire by Hitler, a mild little man, ruler of about 300,000 Moslems, announced his confidence in British victory. Arabs heard the voice or read the message of Emir Abdullah and admired his courage. Abdullah's troops, British trained, British equipped, British officered, helped the Allied cause in North Africa, Syria and Iraq at a vital moment.

The state of about 30,000 square miles which he governed under British mandate has frontiers with Saudi Arabia and with Palestine, among others. In 1946, when Abdullah asked for the fruits of loyalty and of victory, Britain agreed that Transjordan should now become a kingdom, and Abdullah the first King in Amman, where he came about a quarter of a century ago to rest in tents.

BENEATH good photographs of Abdullah sits the first Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at St. James's of the Hashemite kingdom of Transjordan, His Excellency the Amir Abdul Majid Haidar, violinist, painter, genealogist, rider, man of letters.

On the second anniversary of the creation of the kingdom the Minister was busy polishing-up cables to his ruler that would explain Britain's attitude to the tussle between the Powers in Palestine. The secret messages went in cypher, in the Arabic digits we use so often without recognising their origin.

Majid was born in Istanbul in 1889, the son of Amir Ali Haidar, last Emir of Mecca. He studied English, French and Turkish under tutors, did law for three years in the Constantinople School, and secured the University diploma for literature. Higher authority decided that he should marry the Princess Rukayah, daughter of Prince Saladin, granddaughter of Sultan Murav. The two-and-a-half years' courtship did not include the privilege of seeing the fiancée, who, remaining in purdah, was permitted to study pictures of the bridegroom-to-be. Majid saw his bride for the first time on the day of the marriage.

The Balkan Wars had ceased and there was peace for the young couple for eighteen months in a house overlooking the Asiatic side of the old capital. Then came travel with his father, newly-appointed Emir of Mecca. Majid went by train to the Taurus Mountains, motored to Adana and stepped into the train for Damascus, where they remained for two months. They could not enter Mecca, so went instead to Medina, the Prophet's resting-place, 800 miles away by train.

THE Emir lost his throne in Mecca and rejoined his son in Istanbul. The British honoured beaten but distinguished foes. In 1924, however, there was trouble. Kemal Pasha, first President of the Turkish Republic, expelled all members of the House of Osman, and the National Assembly abolished the Turkish Caliphate. For Majid came years of exile. To exist he sold much jewellery in Milan, in Monte Carlo, in Paris. Thence, permanent residence in friendly Lebanon.

Majid has known Abdullah for forty-five years, looks on him "as an elder brother of mine." In 1935 he telephoned Abdullah from Jerusalem and the Emir invited him to Amman. Two years ago he attended the independence celebrations and was offered the London mission. There is a sense of lively adventure in the pensive eyes of this son of the Orient. Who knows what to-morrow may bring?

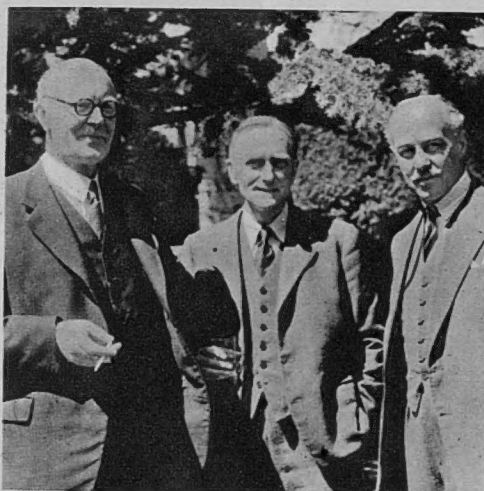


At the sherry party which followed the ceremony: Mr. A. E. Henderson (Chartered Surveyors), Mr. H. Bailey, the Bursar, and Mr. R. J. Bormer, Land Agency Secretary



Lady Apsley, who came over from Cirencester Park, talking to Viscountess Bledisloe, from Lydney, whose husband is such a leading authority on all things agricultural

Medal Day at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester



Major-Gen. W. R. Dimond with Mr. Alec Hobson, secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society, and Major Houston Boswell



Mr. J. Arnold Forster talking to Lady Cripps, from Ampney Park, and Earl Bathurst, who recently celebrated his twenty-first birthday



Viscount Bledisloe speaking. He was a student at the College and formerly Chairman of the Governors



Sir John Russell, the soil expert, presents the Bledisloe Medal, instituted last year, to Sir Archibald Weigall

F. G. Roper



Lt.-Gen. Sir Evelyn Barker, G.O.C. Eastern Command, talking to Lady Barker. General Barker, who was formerly G.O.C.-in-C. Palestine, was appointed to his present command last year



Brig. J. M. S. Pasley, who is a relative of Sir Rodney Pasley, Bt., with Mrs. Parsons

Eastern Command Give a Dance

At the Cavalry Barracks, Hounslow



Col. Anstee with Major-Gen. Sir Reginald Denning and Comptroller Hynes, A.T.S.



Lt.-Col. Lauder, Miss Hazel Wood, Miss Mary Kendall-Carpenter and Major R. T. O. Hicks



Major Le Marchant, Major Freeston, Miss Goodridge and Jnr. Cdr. Murphy take refreshment



Jnr. Cdr. Murphy and Capt. Victor Dover, M.C., take the floor



Miss Joan Walsh and Capt. Gardiner were two more at this very enjoyable dance



In conference between dances: Mrs. Lance, Major Lance and Col. Chiesman

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL

Court News: Their Majesties are taking up residence at Windsor Castle for Ascot Week on Monday June 14th, and the hoisting of the Royal Standard on the Round Tower will be the signal for a week of crowded entertaining. The King and Queen and their guests will drive over in State at least on the opening day and on Gold Cup Day.

One of the most unusual functions Buckingham Palace has seen for a long time was the entertainment provided for Queen Mary's eighty-first birthday party by members of the Swiss Folklore Federation, who gave a "command performance" in the ballroom after luncheon, before the King and Queen, Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, and other members of the Royal Family, also members of the Household and household staff. Earlier, at the family luncheon party to celebrate the birthday, other members of the Royal Family present included the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, who spent the morning with Queen Mary at Marlborough House, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone, Princess Marie Louise, Admiral Sir Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsay, and Colonel Henry and Lady May Abel Smith. The Duchess of Kent, in Paris on a shopping visit with her sister, Countess Toerring, could not be present, and Princess Margaret was absent, too, still confined to her room with measles.

LIKE the King, most members of the Royal Family take a keen interest in their gardens, so it was not surprising that not only did the King and Queen visit the Chelsea Flower Show, but also Queen Mary, with the Princess Royal and the Duke and

Duchess of Gloucester. I went early on the first morning, when only members and associates of the R.H.S. are admitted, but there was soon a big crowd, which quickly filled the large tents when a thunderstorm broke overhead.

The exhibits were once again superb; those that I can remember most vividly are Dobbies' remarkable display of tulips and their stand of sweet peas; Bakers' fine show of Russell lupins, where I saw Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Player ordering plants; Blackmore and Langdon's delphiniums; William Wood's large group of bright-blue salvia; Sutton's colourful annuals, which all seemed to have grown to a gigantic size; Sanders's orchids, and Laxton's tantalising display of Royal Sovereign strawberries. Among the gardens cleverly laid out I liked particularly the eighteenth-century formal garden exhibited by the Wingfield Manor Nurseries.

AMONG those I met going round the tents were Lord and Lady Hazlerigg, Pamela Lady Aylesford, making a list of flowers to order for her mother, the Hon. Mrs. John Coventry; Lord Fairhaven, and Lady Price, whose husband, Sir Henry Price, was exhibiting rhododendrons from their Sussex home. Major John MacLeod, the Member for Ross and Cromarty, and his wife were admiring the magnificent amaryllis hybrids exhibited by Lord Aberconway, President of the Royal Horticultural Society; and Viscountess Stavorde was carefully ordering plants with her gardener. Also there were Nancy Lady Vivian, Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch, Sir "Jock" and Lady Buchanan-Jardine, the Countess of Hardwicke, Col. the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas, who have a lovely garden in Kent, the Hon. Mrs. Michael Astor, the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, Lady Bearsted, and Mrs. Vincent Routledge, looking very fit and sunburnt, having just returned from a trip to Kenya and Rhodesia; she was going round the exhibits with Mrs. Frank Galloway, who has a beautiful garden in Hertfordshire.

DEBUTANTES WHO ARE BEING PRESENTED



Dorothy Wilding

Miss Felicity Ingleby-Mackenzie, who is the only daughter of Surgeon-Captain Ingleby-Mackenzie, R.N., and Mrs. Ingleby-Mackenzie, appeared at the first "Presentation Party." She is now working at the House of Citizenship



Yevonde

Miss Joan Iris Railing, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Norman Railing, of Lynchmere, near Haslemere, Surrey, is here wearing the charming gown in which she appeared at the Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball



Miss Mary Pearson-Rogers, who was presented by her mother at the second Party, is the eldest daughter of G/Capt. and Mrs. H. W. Pearson-Rogers, of Tostock Old Rectory, near Bury St. Edmunds



Miss Felicity Jonsson, who was presented on May 12th, is the only daughter of the late Major Aubrey Jonsson, R.I.R., and Mrs. Jonsson, of Winterskloop, Natal. She has recently been taking a course of equitation in Ireland



Pearl Freeman

Miss Veronica Stourton is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eudo Stourton, and was presented last month. Her cousin, Lady Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton, gave a dance for her last December

JOURNAL

SUMMER clothes were certainly well to the fore during the gloriously sunny two-day May meeting at Lingfield. This is a delightful course, especially at this time of the year, when the trees in the paddock and behind the stands provide plenty of shade. Unfortunately, the going being like iron, fields were small, and in the Derby Trial Stakes, so often a pointer to the big race, there were only four runners. This was won by a favourite horse of mine, Black Tarquin, owned by that grand American sportsman, Mr. William Woodward.

Watching the racing I met Lady Cornwallis, who has recently returned from her honeymoon in Bermuda. She and her husband were staying with Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid at Summerhill, near Tonbridge. The Earl of Drogheda came with his stepdaughter, Mrs. Peter Barrow, who has recently settled in a house near the course; she had her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Mickie Paget, staying with her too. Lady Throckmorton came over from her home in Sussex with her sister, Mrs. Carlos Clark, and a party of friends.

VISCOUNT and Viscountess Stavordale were studying form with Mr. Bob Coe, the most enthusiastic racegoer at the U.S. Embassy. The Hon. Philip Kindersley, who did not have far to come from his home, Grove House, was accompanied by his pretty wife. The Countess of Lewes, who had come over from Mark Cross, was strolling in the paddock with Col. and Mrs. Windsor-Lewis, and Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy. Capt. the Hon. Lionel and Lady Hélène Berry, who have a house near Tunbridge Wells, I met a little farther on, with her sister, Lady Georgina Coleridge.

Also enjoying this pleasant race meeting I saw Lady Anne Hunloke, Mary Lady Grimchorpe and her tall, good-looking son, Major the Hon. Christopher Beckett, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hall, Col. and Mrs. Heygate, Lady Claud Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Rank, who live within easy reach of the course at Ouborough, Mr. Derek Mullins, Mr. Stuart Cooper and

Mr. Henry Lenanton, just back from Sweden and Finland.

PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE has promised to attend the showing of the all-colour film, *Britain Through the War*, to-morrow, June 10th, at the Dorchester at 4.30 p.m. This film, taken by Miss Rose Newman, is the only full-length colour picture of Britain in wartime, and includes many vivid and clever shots. This showing is in aid of the Victoria League, who have their headquarters in Chesham Place.

THERE was a very appreciative audience for the revival of the ballet *Job* at Covent Garden, with new settings and costumes by John Piper, and choreography by Miss Ninette de Valois. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone were in the Royal box with Lady Anderson, M. Massigli and Mr. Harold Macmillan. Sir John Anderson came with Lady Anderson, but had to leave early to take the chair at the Scottish Universities dinner, at which the Duke of Edinburgh was the guest of honour.

Lady Jowitt was in a box opposite with Mr. and Mrs. John Piper. Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark were sitting near by in the Royal circle. In the stalls during the interval I saw Lady Greville and her son Ronald talking to Mrs. Bea Davis, Mrs. Ingleby-Mackenzie and her daughter Felicity, Mr. David Thomasson and Lady Cohen. *Job* was presented with the full orchestral accompaniment magnificently conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, who received a great ovation.

THE Hon. David Smith made an excellent appeal for funds for the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children at a tea-party at the Mansion House recently. He stressed the point of how many children are still suffering in our midst, and how many thousands of cases the N.S.P.C.C. are able to bring to light each year. During the afternoon Mrs. Walter Whigham presented the Hon. David Smith with a cheque for £500, the proceeds from a children's party she organised on behalf of the Society in April. Mr. Walter Whigham was also at the party, and their two little children, David and Cynthia, presented bouquets to the Lady Mayoress and Lady Helen Smith. Among those who came to support this good cause were Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Lady Lloyd, and Lady Charles Russell.



Miss Juliet Adair, second daughter of Major-Gen. Allan and Mrs. Adair, was presented last month. Her father commanded the Guards Armoured Division during the war. Mrs. Adair is a daughter of the late Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward



Dorothy Wilding

Miss Caroline Whittington-Moë, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Whittington-Moë, of Queen's Gate, was presented by her mother at the second Party on May 13th. She is at present taking a secretarial course

BUCKINGHAM PALACE THIS SEASON



Yvonne Gregory

The Hon. Charmiane Wilson, who is also making her curtsy this season, is the only daughter of Lord Nunburnholme and Lady Mary Alexander. Her mother is the youngest sister of the Marquess of Bath



Catherine Bell

Miss Jennifer Harvey is the daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. C. B. Harvey, of Shirley Hill, Brailsford, Derbyshire. She is a keen rider to hounds, is fond of skiing, and has a marked talent for sculpture



Miss Mary Berry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. Ewart Berry, of Gosforth, Northumberland, is being presented at Buckingham Palace by Helen Duchess of Northumberland. Her mother is also being presented at the same time

EIGHTS WEEK SUMMER BALL



Miss Mary Hulme-Taylor and Mr. Mervyn Geidt walk out on the croquet lawn



Miss Ruth Cowen and Mr. Douglas Croll find a quiet corner for a chat and refreshment



Mr. R. H. Warman and Miss J. Crossland discover that ice-cream has its attractions



Others who preferred the open air for "sitting out" were Mr. George Cannon and Miss Dawn Hodgson



Mr. D. D. Rooney, Miss Coulhard, Miss A. M. Jennings and Mr. E. J. Winnington-Ingram were another quartet of guests



Enjoying a sociable glass at the buffet were Miss H. Raikes and Mr. K. E. Aldridge



Mr. Stewart Simmonds and Miss Elizabeth Jennings also escape the heat of the ballroom



Mr. M. F. Shepherd, Mrs. Shepherd, Miss Dian Glyn-Price and Mr. M. L. Williams were some of those who took part in the merriment, which lasted into the small hours

AT KEBLE COLLEGE, OXFORD



Mr. Oltra Mare and his sister were among the large company who gathered at Keble



Mr. R. W. Gash and Miss Rosemond Brown standing in one of the gateways of the College



Mr. R. J. Wemyss and Miss Hall-White have a welcome breather between dances



Miss Mary Callear and Mr. Michael Kemp also take time off for cooling refreshment



Mrs. Robert Jackson, Miss M. Davenport and Dr. Victor Parvis enjoy a few minutes' conversation during a pause in the strenuous programme of dances



Major Cade, Col. Shipton, Col. Batt and Col. Fisher at the officers' reunion of the 290 Field Regt., R.A. (City of London) T.A., at Artillery House, Bloomsbury

A CITY OF LONDON T.A. REUNION



Lt.-Col. D. B. Girling, O.C., Lt.-Col. Donovan Jackson (Secretary, City of London T.A., A.F.A.) and Mrs. Girling



Capt. Clarke, Col. Sandison and Major Cantopher. The Regiment served in both World Wars



Major Sainsbury and Col. Sir James Waterlow with Mrs. Drew and Vice-Admiral Sir T. B. Drew, Private Secretary to the Lord Mayor



Marcelle Derrien, the actress, at the supper which followed the film of Stendhal's masterpiece



Colette Richard seems to have provided Georges Marchal with a cigarette about which he has his doubts



Jean Cocteau, film-maker and eminent surrealist, congratulates Maria Casares, one of the stars



Each guest brought a parcel for the needy children of Lorient, Brittany. Ludmilla Tchérina hands over hers to the Breton collectors



Two more donors of parcels, Renée Saint-Cyr and Marcelle Derrien, give them to the helpers on the food and clothing lorry



Paul Cambo and Jacqueline Gauthier, who were also among the guests, dance a samba with great expression and vivacity

Gala Première for "The Charterhouse of Parma," at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées

Priseilla in Paris Feast of Orpheus

THE last few weeks have been an interesting time for music lovers and balletomanes. Starting with the Gala at the Opera for the Royal visitors, Darius Milhaud's new symphony, Benjamin Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia*, and the première of Roland Petit's new ballet company at the Théâtre Marigny followed in quick succession.

The Opera House programme might have been more wisely chosen. The only item that really enchanted us was the presentation of the *corps de ballet* when the back of the stage was opened so that one saw the brilliantly lighted *foyer de danse* in the distance, and the dancers, in rows of six, advanced at a slow walk to the footlights, bowed or curtsied and, dividing up, retired right and left of the stage. Of the *divertissement* there is little to say, it being merely a suite of disconnected dances that give occasion for a series of magnificently executed classical steps, an entertainment that is, to quote Arnold Haskell, "usually a hopeless muddle." The only ballet with a certain continuity was Francis Poulenc's *Animaux Modèles*, of which the music is interesting, but the choreography, by Serge Lifar, always reminds me of one's matutinal physical jerks.

The argument in the programme was written in somewhat curious English and ran as follows: "This ballet is relating to the story of six of the most famous poems of Jean de la Fontaine. Those poems being so well known it is not necessary to make an account of them!"

DARIUS MILHAUD's symphony, composed to celebrate the centenary of the French Revolution of 1848, permitted this Master of Discords to give full play to the sounds that enchant or dismay according to

one's sense of what is—or is not—music. Of Benjamin Britten's opera, given for one performance only by a famous visiting operatic company from Mulhouse, one can only record that everyone hopes it will be heard often again, and at the Opera House instead of in a theatre.

Pages could be written about Roland Petit's new Ballets de Paris presented by Count Alessandro Ruspoli. Never, in any one company, has Paris seen such a gathering of stars, while the various ballets that are being performed during an all-too-short season of one month are true creations. To this add that, for the first time, Margot Fonteyn is dancing here, and it can be well imagined that *le Tout Paris*, in white ties and lovely frocks, was present on the first night.

THE Marigny is one of the prettiest theatres in town, and as several Ministers were in the audience, the Garde Républicaine on duty in the lobby wore their full-dress uniforms; that is to say, white pants, top-boots and glittering helmets.

Amongst the first to arrive were M. and Mme. Bidault, the latter wearing the same exquisite dress as in the Royal box. Minister Le Troquer was accompanied by his beautiful, silver-blond wife, who has the loveliest head of hair in Paris. Mme. Edouard Bourdet wore one of Lanvin's most gorgeous creations, and Mme. Marie-Louise Bousquet, who has the only real literary salon of these times, hobbled in, leaning on her stick, looking like a benevolent fairy-story godmother.

Mme. Marguerite Jamois allowed a smile to play upon her white, tragedy-queen features; Mme. Schiaparelli was a veritable Marie Laurencin

escaped from its frame; Mme. Wiriath wore night-blue velvet; Mme. Steve Passeur actually came without one of the enormous hats she usually affects, to the great joy of her rear neighbours; and Mme. Delvair, of the Comédie Française, was regal in prune satin.

JEAN ANHOUIL's new ballet, *The Ladies of the Night*, with music by Jean Françaix that was tunefully reminiscent of the nocturnal caterwaulings of our feline friends abroad on the roofs, was the vehicle of Miss Fonteyn's first appearance. She had a great reception, and again I must quote from Haskell and say how heartily Paris endorses his opinion that: "Margot Fonteyn more nearly resembles Pavlova than any other dancer in making one forget the mechanics of the ballerina," and, while also agreeing with Janet Leeper that she "reminds one of Karsavina in that she is equally at home in severely classical rôles or in *demi-caractère*," adds that her personality is so marked that at no moment while she is dancing does one think of comparing her to anyone else.

In *The Ladies of the Night* she dances the part of a little white cat, and falls in love with a young musician (Roland Petit). She is allowed by the Fates to shed her claws and become human, but, alas! the raucous warblings of a predatory Tom (Gordon Hamilton) lure her out on the tiles again. Her lover follows her, but she leads him such a dance over the roof-tops that he falls, exhausted, and dies, and she, filled with remorse and pity, throws herself down and dies with him.

This was a very perfect production. An excellent story. Charming costumes and scenery. Suitable music and superb dancing.



Mrs. Robin Brook and Margaretta Scott, the actress, talking to Mr. John Wooldridge on arrival



Mrs. Robert Henderson with Moira Shearer, the Sadler's Wells ballerina



Mrs. E. Tyrrell being presented by Eileen Herlie with a bottle of gin which she won in the raffle

The Three Arts Club Hold a Ball

For Their Reconstruction Fund



Mrs. Doreen Ryan and Mr. Alec Tottenham with Moira Lister, who was on the Committee



Mrs. George Fitzgerald and Mr. Whittington-Moë. The ball was held at Grosvenor House



Mrs. B. Goalen and Mr. Charles Urry were two more of the large assembly of guests



Lady Annaly at supper with Wilhelm Backhaus, the pianist, and Mrs. Backhaus



Mr. Kenneth Carten with Eileen Herlie, another committee member



Lady Waddilove, the chairman, and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, a Vice-President



Mr. Philip Briant, Miss Penelope Fairburn and Miss Ann Boyle enjoy an after-supper joke with Mr. Peter Buchanan



Mr. Bartlett; Mr. Anthony Applestone, Miss Le Gros and Mr. Arthur Unwin chatting during an interval in the dancing



In a brief gleam of sunlight, Miss Elliott, Miss Lethbridge, Lady Patricia Lucas-Scudamore and Lady Broughton make a charming Arcadian group in the eighteenth-century formal garden. They represent Autumn, Summer, Spring and Winter

THREE DAYS' WONDER—THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW

Uncertain Weather Had Little Effect on Its Success



The opening of the Flower Show happily fell on Queen Mary's birthday, and she is here inspecting one of the rock gardens. Third on her right is the Princess Royal



The King and Queen were also keenly-interested visitors on the opening day, and are seen discussing the points of a rock garden with its designer



Lord and Lady Ivor Spencer-Churchill looking at some of the garden ornaments on view in the grounds of the Royal Hospital



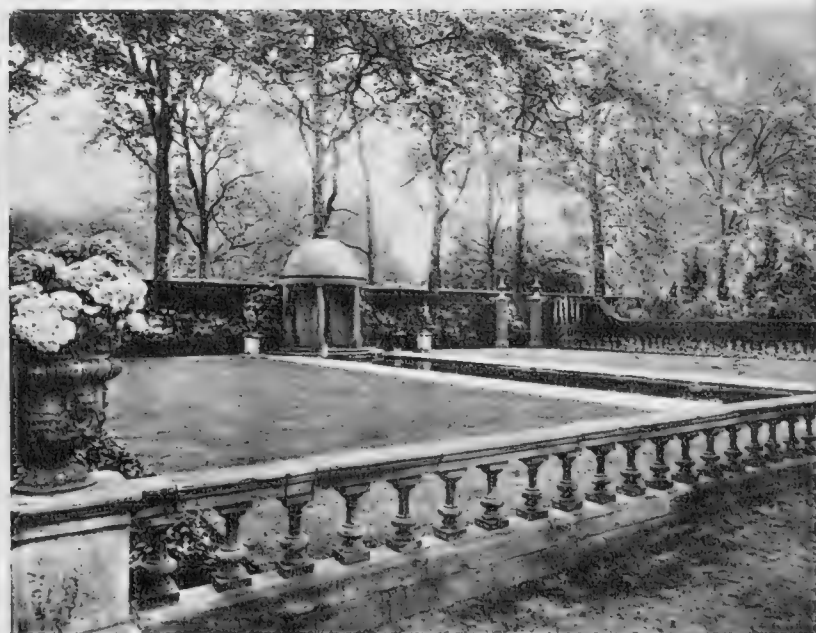
Sir John Aird, who is an Extra Equerry to the King, and his wife, Lady Priscilla Aird



Miss Jean Faudel-Phillips with Sir John and Lady Buchanan-Jardine. Sir John is a member of the Royal Bodyguard for Scotland



This much-admired composition was a blending of formal and informal styles. Trecarne stone from Cornwall was used for the first time in its layout



The dignity and symmetry of the eighteenth century was recaptured in this garden, which embodied Georgian features on a scale not hitherto seen at Chelsea



Lady Anne Fitzalan Howard, eldest daughter of the Duchess of Norfolk, running her pony Silver for the judges in the Under Twelve Years Class, of which she was the winner

Photographs by Tasker, Press Illustrations

THE HORLEY, SURREY, HORSE AND PONY SHOW



The Hon. Mrs. Philip Kindersley with her daughters, Nicolette, a competitor, and Virginia, who found it all most thrilling



Miss Flavia Phillips, the Duchess of Norfolk, and Miss Janet Hytch were three very interested spectators at the Show



Miss Margaret Pay, the winner of the Lightweight Hunter Class, is handed her rosette by the Hon. Philip Kindersley

Decorations
by Wyndham



"Cooeee girls! Fan out! Fan out! Cooeee!"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

TO a three-million-circulation daily recently shouting about the efficient way it has been running the war in Palestine we would point out deferently that the Ideal Front-Page War Story is still missing, despite a dozen or more obvious openings for it since World War I.

One need hardly add that one refers to an exclusive despatch from Our Special Correspondent featuring a ravishing blonde in pyjamas leading the troops favoured by the Advertising Side personally to victory and entering the capital in triumph astride a tank, crying: "Yoo-hoo!" Interviewed in due course, the blonde would make the following statement:

"I first got the idea from reading the *Daily Scoop*. Mums and I are keen registered readers of the *Daily Scoop*, so of course when we saw a picture in the *Daily Scoop* of a blonde saying 'Yoo-hoo!' to some soldiers Mums said at once: 'Ruby, that is a good idea in the *Daily Scoop*,' and so I got the idea of leading the troops in my pyjamas. Mums and I are naturally grateful to the *Daily Scoop* and everyone seems to think the *Daily Scoop* is far and away the best paper, so I am very glad to give this exclusive interview to the *Daily Scoop*. My plans," etc., etc., etc.

It hasn't turned up yet, as we say; but it will, Oscar, it will.

Change

EXCEPT that the Cock Tavern then stood on the opposite side of Fleet Street, a gossip quoting Tennyson's wellknown bit of presumably free publicity:

O plump head-waiter at the Cock,
To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
Go fetch a pint of port . . .

was broadly correct in assuring visitors to London that this is where Will Waterproof got cockeyed. One or two other differences are discernible, no doubt. A pint of authentic vintage port in the 1850's, for example, cost half a crown, and Mr. Waterproof could spend a whole afternoon getting gently plastered if he cared to. Any secret cops, Whitehall narks, Gallup Poll investigators, welfare-workers, social planners, or Mass-Observation touts such as one finds hiding among "silent gentlemen who trifle with the cruet" in London taverns today were apparently not aggressive a hundred years ago. In a word, Mr. Waterproof was a free citizen of a free country, which should be carefully explained to Continental visitors; especially to any from Spain, where this obsolete personal independence still flourishes.

Artist

WHY the hard boys have failed, so far, to steal the Crown Jewels may be (a reader suggests) that like most modern artists they can't be bothered to acquire fundamental technique.

Looking up the outstanding feat of Colonel Thomas Blood (1670), we find this reasonable.

Before attempting to snaffle the Regalia the Colonel not only disguised himself for some time as a dear old clergyman with a long grey beard, but took considerable trouble to learn his lines. For a rollicking professional tough whose normal conversation dripped with rich purple oaths this must have entailed weeks of severe self-discipline and practisings before the mirror. The result was that the Colonel put it across Mr. Edwards, Keeper of the Crown Jewels, with ease, and would have got away with the stuff but for one impulsive gesture with a pistol at the very end.

Patience is what our hard boys lack, like the sidewhispered smartypants of Chelsea. Consider that in the England of Charles II there were at least a couple of dozen distinct types of sect, all speaking through the nose but using distinctive formulae, and that to use Brownist patter, for example, with Seventh Monarchy gestures would have been fatal. Colonel Blood was a true artist and deserved to succeed. We wish we could say as much for Izzy the Rap, now in the cooler.

Gallery

A CRUSTY citizen complaining of "grinning female faces" plastered by the dozen on every London advertisement-hoarding forgot one thing. To the credit of Nordic progress, civilisation, and art it should be remembered that 95 per cent. of these poster-sweethearts are laughing in triumph and joy at the admirable condition of their interiors. We will now recite you some moving lines on this fascinating topic, dedicated to the poster-publicity boys of Great Britain:

Girls nearly slain by acidity
Laugh like a peal of bells at me;
Girls with sore feet and stomach-trouble,
Girls by anaemia once bent double,
Girls with thrombosis, bunions, hives,
Crying that TUMPO saved their lives,
Girls who were once a total wreck,
Girls with neuritis, Derbyshire Neck,
Hayfever, quinzey, varicose veins,
Spots, shiny noses, kidney-pains,
Bilious attacks and sluggish liver,
Girls whose complaints would make you shiver—
Fair as the dawn, each English Rose
Winsomely clamours to expose
The facts about her sweet inside,
And what she took for it, with pride . . .
Where is the crude and soulless cad
Who does not thrill at this, egad?
Beauty and Truth to knock one flat—
Where is the lout who jibs at that?

A thousand years hence archæologists will rest on their spades and bow astonished heads. "A second Age of Pericles!" they will cry.

Check

IN the matter of the Girl Guide shortage (official), we suggest the conscription into Brownie packs for five years of all the BBC comics who make jokes about Girl Guides, thus releasing swarms of Brownies for other duties.

And a hearty wildwood razz should be those boys' daily portion, such as Wordsworth's Lucy gave Wordsworth on being promoted badge-tester to the First Lakeland (Cuckoo) Troop. "Sportive as the fawn, eh?" sneered Wordsworth, to which Lucy coldly replied: "Listen, Horsie, this is no time for damfool cracks—is it, Miss Gewither?" Her Troop-Leader answered by blowing her whistle and crying: "Cooeee, girls! Cooeee! Fall in on Guide 'Curly' Wilkinson for woodcraft, totally ignoring the rabble of Bohemian satyrs to your left-front!"

Footnote

THIS was a crack at the assembled Lake School, comprising W. Wordsworth, S. T. Coleridge, R. Southey, and a lean wild-eyed stranger who emerged dripping from Lake Windermere at this moment, practically nude, and gave his name as P. B. Shelley, Horsham, Sussex, adding with a rapt expression:

"O lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy lovè in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale!"

To this Miss Gewither replied by blowing her whistle and striding away, crying: "Cooeee, girls! Fan out! Fan out! Cooeee!" Pretty silly P. B. Shelley looked; also wet.

Form

NO. 121 EBURY STREET, S.W., where George Moore lived so long, is for sale. We dare conjecture that anyone sensitive to atmosphere might find it a trying house to live in to begin with, for cantankerous Mr. Moore spent a great deal of his time in the ground floor study-drawing-room boasting about his imaginary conquests of women and betraying them—conversationally—right and left. Or so we gather from chaps who knew him.

Nothing is more boring than this habit, to which booksy boys are addicted. A summer evening in a St. John's Wood garden years ago lives vividly in our memory. It was a semi-literary-artistic party, and the punch was good, lavish, strong, and insidious. Suddenly amid a temporary hush a cry rose on the evening air from a very prim visiting book-critic from New England. "She was a tigress, but I tamed her!" he cried hoarsely in the ear of the man next to him, and fell flat on his face over a flower-bed.

Stinking bad form, no doubt. But when you see some of the women tamed by litteratoors indignation gives place to that curious nightmare feeling of something monstrous chasing you slowly along endless roads covered in thick glue. We can't explain this.



"To the credit of Nordic progress . . ."



At the Seventeenth Green: Lady Mountgarret clearing from the rough during the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association's twenty-sixth spring meeting, held on the Swinley Forest course, Ascot. She is being watched by Mrs. G. Ritchie (left) and Mrs. Harrison Proctor. The first division handicap prize was won by Mrs. Idina Mills, the Welsh International, with a net return of 73

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

"Y^E munna whistle on the Sawbath!" is a very threadbare saying attributed to Bonnie Scotland; but, if we look at our English Sunday, I do not think that we are in any position to call any kettle black, for it rams it into us that if you wish to be considered good you must be gloomy.

In Cromwell's so-called Puritan days the Sabbatarians would have been quite ready to allow him to have a pack of hounds if he had consented to give them Biblical names, and the Lord Protector's real reason for banning that sort of thing (as well as racing) was not that he had any personal aversion from a ride in the wake of a pack of flyers on a flying fox, for he was pretty near first-class, or that he was not fully aware of the benefit of racing to the breeding of horses, but that he feared that any collection of men might portend a plot. He felt that the saddle into which he had been thrown up was far too slippery to warrant his taking any chances of being decanted. I do not believe that in his heart of hearts he ever considered "a cock-fight was a breach of the peace, and a horse-race an insurrection" (so went the old jingle), or that he believed that sackcloth and ashes were the most suitable and comfortable attire for anyone.

James I. upset the Sabbatarians by directing the populace to play games on Sunday—their one free day—so as to fit themselves the better for military service. In France they "make their souls" at Mass in the morning, run all their principal races on the flat and over fences in the afternoon, and believe that The Almighty does not put a black mark against them on that account. I am sure that He does not against anyone who can say with sincerity the prayer of the poor Publican—five little words which were a severe rebuke to that self-righteous person who was present on that same occasion.

A New Book on Riding

LIEUT.-COLONEL W. E. LYON, a former master of the Atherstone, author of many a good book, and founder and present G.O.C., *The Horseman's Year*, writes me that he is now busy upon a book for children and beginners which he may perhaps call *Balance and the Horse*, and that he hopes to have it out some time next year. In his letter he says: "It is mostly an effort to describe to children and other beginners in simple language and with numerous photographs and diagrams, the principles of riding, and, in my opinion, and I expect in yours also, balance is pretty well the basis of the art of riding and training horses."

Ted Lyon is quite right; but I go a bit farther than this, and say that, before trying to acquire balance on a horse, or trying to teach a horse balance, the pupil should learn how to balance himself on foot. There are many simple methods which I have personally found very useful. For instance: make the pupil stand on one leg, take his (or her) shoe off and put it on again

without holding on to anything; take to the épée and learn that useful jump back off the left foot after the recovery from the lunge; learn how to balance an ostrich plume on the nose (really quite simple); study what a stick does balanced in the palm of the hand; learn how to dance on your own feet instead of upon your partner's; stand on your head, and, if fit enough, do the straight-arm balance on the bars. These are a few useful things to learn.

Reining Back

As to horses, I am convinced that if more of them were made to rein back far oftener than they are, they would iron their riders out less frequently than some of them do. Here again, work on foot with the long reins is of even greater value than the same exercise mounted. It is easier for the operator, who, unless he knows enough about the aids, may completely mislead the animal when he gets on his back. To say that mouthing is a paramount necessity, is to be too elementary, my dear Watson, and I do not believe that anyone can give a horse too much of the key snaffle and the pillar chains.

I hope that Ted Lyon is also going to tell his pupils that they must not hang on by the horse's ears and that the lower the hands the higher the animal will jump. I suggest, as one of the illustrations of this new book, a reproduction of the Elgin Marbles. Those gentlemen

on the hog-maned steeds, which were part of the frieze of The Parthenon, are very good riding-masters. Above all, I hope our author is going to tell his class not to be horsey and show off. There is a very true old saying: a good man has no need to jump a fence to let the world know that he can sit on.

"The Phantom Rickshaw"—and Others!

IF I know anything about Simla, whither in the days before the Great Landslip the Spring Captain would have now been making his way, there are many more likely to be flitting about in the glimpses of the moon than the one Kipling discovered, and which, I am sure, many people, besides the creator, saw. Ghosts are difficult things to handle, most tenacious of their rights, and apt to turn very nasty upon the trespasser. You can't get rid of them by an Act of Parliament, an Action in Chancery, or even by writing to the papers about them. And Simla is bound to be fuller of them than ever, now that their age-old rights-of-way are being so ruthlessly violated.

To those who happen to know India's Hill Capua, these few names may at once suggest trouble spots—likewise a whole volume of romances. Viceregal Lodge, crammed to suffocation with the most distinguished spectres; Squires' Hall, on that little offshoot hill road, where a very gallant and good-looking procession of Military Secretaries abode; Snowdon, the aerie for countless years of grim War Lords, ever looking keenly north-westwards; Peterhof, where Foreign Secretaries lived in an almost perpetual buzz of uncomfortable rumours of Russians pouring over the Oxus, or even over the Helmund (it was so related even in the days when I made one of an always breathlessly interested audience); Naldera Spur—the very name musical in the ear of the romantic; the U.S. Club and all those Knights of the Black Heart; The Chalet and Peliti's; the Ladies' Mile round Jakko (the Monkey Hill); and, not least, the Curio Shop on the Mall, that Clapham Junction for "agents" and "counter-agents."

Probably the Curio Shop in the Mall will continue to be the most spook-infested, for so many curious things went in and out of it, each and every one of them curios in their way. The proprietor's name may have been Yakub, or something ending in "ski" or "stein" for all that I knew to the contrary: he always seemed to me a no-nation sort of creature, far too pleasant to be really nice, and of the kind that would steal a blind kitten's milk; a receiver of stolen information on sale to the highest bidder. The man in *Kim* was no fable, neither was "Strickland Sahib" (Warburton), who was always one jump ahead of the whole lot of them and who, I hope, for the safety and comfort of these new Dominions, has been reincarnated, since never has the need for someone of his high calibre been greater in what is probably the most exciting and dangerous Game of all.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Er... finished with The Times, Briggs...?"

EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS

(NO. 2)

A picturesque species, once widespread and highly-prized, now only found in small colonies and bleak locations

ADULT MALE: General colour above fleshy-fulvous, crested with rakishly set astral blue head feathers; beak long and hop-coloured, prominently tufted below with shaggy growth of hair-like feathers; mandibles smooth and faintly blue, shaggily tufted to the rear; neck feathers gaudily spotted; body feathers astral blue, normally untidily fitting: metallic growths are to be found on the frontal bone, the uppermost of which would appear to be extraneous, in many members of the species; shanks blue, inclined to woolliness around the knee-joints; feet large, leathery and capable of dealing out crafty kicks to the smaller, and slower, members of the sub-order.

HABITS: This noisy, yet likeable, little member of the Warrior Warbler genus would appear to be in great danger of becoming extinct, which seems a pity, for its many amusing little habits and the pleasant manner in which it would thin out the nastier denizens of the airways have brought many a comforting moment to the observer.

The bird, when in the air, is most pleasing to watch as it twists and turns and gets up to many a foxy manoeuvre: it would appear that it only returns to terra-firma for the purpose of re-victualling itself; its chief food being 'the fermented secretions of the hop plant. After a surfeit of this prerequisite, the bird will often perform many a craftier manoeuvre than it ever performed while upon the wing: during this latter occupation the bird acquires an inordinate craving for gremlins, popsies and other fanciful foibles. It has an odd cry, a kind of "Talliho-Talliho"; which brings fear and trepidation into the hearts of its enemies.

HABITATS: The Kijoing Coot is seen to the best advantage when in the air: it strikes a most pathetic attitude when grounded. The bird will nest happily in any place where its drinking is undisturbed: it is, at times, apt to become too happy when nested in this environment; it should then be ensnared and placed in a cage, or some other cool place.



The Tufted Prang Pipit—or Kijoing Coot

(Lineshoota-Inexcellis)

Scoreboard by R.C. Robertson-Glasgow

TO-MORROW to Trent Bridge, Nottingham, for the first Test match. Here the great Arthur Shrewsbury, in the days when the only interval was for lunch, used to ask for "a cup of tea at half-past four, please, sent out to the wicket." Here, earlier still, that rare old chunk of history and cunning, William Clarke, used to bowl men out by the three and four hundred a year with his sub-roundarm deliveries. He would watch his prospective victims practising in the nets, then turn away and say: "We shall have an accident with these men very soon." He captained and toured his own private and not overpaid England Eleven. In times of frustration, one of them would suggest a change in the bowling, and Old Clarke would say: "Yes, I think I'll try the other end now."



IT was at Trent Bridge that Don Bradman played his first Test match on English turf. In the first innings he made only 8, bowled by Maurice Tate. Yes, Tates are needed to-day. In the second innings, the great Don had scored 131, and seemed set to win the match for

Australia, when he left alone a leg-break from Walter Robins, and behold, it was a googly, and hit the off stump.

That was the day of Copley's famous catch. A member of the Nottinghamshire ground staff, he was called on to substitute for Harold Larwood, and when Stanley McCabe drove Tate like flaming fire, Copley hurled himself sideways to immortality. Many would like to see Walter Robins captaining England this summer. Officially, he has retired; he's just turned forty-two; the youngest forty-two in any game. That was Warwick Armstrong's age when he captained Australia to victory here in 1921. And Warwick was nearly eight stone heavier than Robins.

FOURTEEN years ago, during the groundswell after the Bodyline storm, Australia won at Nottingham; chiefly through an ageless old gentleman called Clarrie Grimmett, who concealed his balditude by a careful weaving of the side-hair, and a newcomer called Bill O'Reilly, soon to be known as "The Tiger," who ran up with a pump-handle motion and tore spin out of the most miserly pitch. Then, a year before the

Hitler war, two young chaps called Hutton and Compton each made a century for England at Nottingham. We hope to see them double this performance, and, perhaps, on the Sunday, to go out to Holinwell and Newstead, homes of Lord Byron and of Harold Larwood, who were both pretty fast in their own way and time.

Maybe, by allowance of St. Gaitskell, there'll be a car to carry us; maybe, too, as in 1934, the car will break down, and, while it's recovering, we'll play hedge-cricket with a brassie and a golf ball, and a motor-mechanic as unwilling wicket. Anyhow, good fun to Australia; and good luck to England. By the foot of Pharaoh and the blind eye of Horatio Nelson, England may need it!

ONCE more I am in a position to deny that Mr. Quintin Hogg and Mrs. ("Pin-up") Braddock will be paired in the Mixed Doubles at Wimbledon this month. Insuperable difficulties have been encountered in blending their respective styles. Mr. ("Stone-Bottom") Molotoff has also, it is unofficially reported, declined an invitation to join Mr. Zilliacus in the Rochampton All-comers Memorial Croquet Doubles Tournament. Mr. Molotoff has mislaid his favourite mallet; and Mr. Zilliacus has stigmatised croquet as "slow, reactionary, and without significance."



E. R. Yerbury, Edinburgh

The Lord High Commissioner for the Church of Scotland and his suite at a recent meeting at Holyroodhouse. Back row: THE MACE-BEARER, MR. R. R. AITKEN, LT. CHARLES ELIOT JAUNCEY (A.D.C.), MR. J. WILSON PATERSON, CHIEF CONSTABLE W. B. R. MORREN, IST/O. ANGUS LETTY (A.D.C.), F/O. L. PEARMAN, THE EARL OF SELKIRK, FLAG-LT. J. R. B. MONTANARO, REV. JOHN BROADFOOT (CHAPLAIN), THE VERY REV. CHARLES L. WARR (DEAN OF THE THISTLE AND CHAPEL ROYAL), THE PURSE-BEARER (COL. E. D. STEVENSON), THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL (MR. D. H. JOHNSTON, K.C., M.P.), COL. WALTER ELLIOT, THE EARL OF WEMYSS AND MARCH, F/LT. JOHN A. CRUIKSHANK, V.C. (A.D.C.), CAPT. R. C. H. COLLIER, CDR. R. T. OWEN, CAPT. HECTOR LAING (A.D.C.), THE REV. W. UIST MACDONALD, CAPT. A. R. G. STEVENSON (ASSISTANT PURSE-BEARER); front row: MISS FIONA SUTHERLAND ANDERSON, THE LADY HERMIONE STUART, MISS SHONA MACPHERSON, LADY LUCY INNES OF LEARNEY, AIR VICE-MARSHAL KINGSTON-MCCLOUGHRY, AIR OFFICER COMMANDING SCOTLAND AND NORTHERN IRELAND, MISS MURRAY, ADMIRAL SIR F. H. G. DALRYMPLE-HAMILTON, COMMANDING NAVAL FORCES IN SCOTLAND AND NORTHERN IRELAND, HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, MR. A. H. A. MURRAY (THE RT. HON. THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH), HIS GRACE THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER (THE RT. HON. GEORGE MATHER, M.P.), HER GRACE MRS. MATHER, THE MODERATOR (THE RT. HON. ALEX. MACDONALD), THE MARCHIONESS OF GRAHAM, GEN. SIR A. F. PHILIP CHRISTISON, G.O.C., SCOTTISH COMMAND, MRS. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MONTROSE, THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM, LADY CHRISTISON, MRS. D. H. JOHNSTON, MRS. CHARLES L. WARR

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"Two Quiet Lives"

"Asking for Trouble"

"Country Place"

"What the Countryman Wants to Know"

OF *Two Quiet Lives* (Constable; 15s.) the author, Lord David Cecil, says: "These studies are not a work of research. All the information in them is already in print. But the two characters, who are their subject, seem to me curious and complex enough to deserve a closer analysis and a more extended interpretation than they have up to now received. . . . My book, then, aspires to be at once an account of two remarkable persons, a study of a certain phase of human nature and, finally, a picture of private life as lived in two contrasting periods."

The persons are Dorothy Osborne and Thomas Gray—the seventeenth-century writer of the great love-letters, the eighteenth-century poet-don who gave us the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. These—differing, as Lord David points out, in many important aspects as to character, set in different circumstances, living a century apart in time—in temperament somehow were akin. That factor common to their two natures—what was it? Contemplativeness? An inherent solitariness of soul? Melancholy—but, transcending melancholy, a power of coming into willing and sweet accord with days and hours? Lord David answers: not in a few words, but in this book itself—a book rare in our day, inimitable no less by the standard of any other. "A picture of private life" . . .

the Age of Reason, these two existences flowered, each on its own branch out from the central tree.

Dorothy, youngest child of Sir Peter Osborne, whose loyalty to the King's cause had cost him dear, spent the years of her unadmitted engagement to William

Temple quietly at her father's house in Bedfordshire—much of the time she was, but for the saddened old man, alone. Lord David's portrait of her is exquisite:—

Day followed day there in eventless monotony, heavy with the memory of vanished days. Young though she was, Dorothy did not repine in such an atmosphere. It chimed with her prevailing mood. From her pale, well-bred countenance, framed by the dark ringlets and pearl eardrops of a Caroline lady, her heavy-lidded eyes looked out at the world—as they look out at us from her portrait still—with an expression of profound unostentatious sadness. . . . And her demeanour was in keeping with her appearance. Strangers often found her formidable. Her manner was so reticent and "stately." She sat generally silent and abstracted in company, laughed very seldom, however uproarious the mirth around her, welcomed the departure of a visitor with hardly concealed relief. This aloof gravity, however, was a deceptive mask. Beneath it quivered the flame of an exquisite responsiveness to life. In Dorothy Osborne, the society of which she was a child put forth its last fine flower. To something of her father's gallant nobility of temperament, she joined a Herrick-like sensibility. . . . The soft glow of poetry which trembles round her every movement exhales from her personality involuntarily, as the scent from a rose.

Alas, it was not time for roses to bloom. They shivered, they wilted in the wintry hurricane that was sweeping England.



Capt. Roy Farran, author of "Winged Dagger" (Collins; 10s. 6d.); recently reviewed by Elizabeth Bowen. From a portrait by Denis Fildes

PRIVACY, we are reminded, does not mean isolation. The outside world—in both these cases the great world also—lay not far from the portals of these two; its realities were accepted by them, its movement reflected itself in their consciousness and went to the shaping of their thoughts. Neither Dorothy Osborne nor Thomas Gray were, or desired to be, unaware of the times in which they lived; how could they be?—to an extent their times had formed them. In the (for the King's party) heartbroken years that followed the Civil War, among the diamond-hard worldly clarities of

DOROTHY OSBORNE was deeply susceptible to the blow to her family—to their whole class and type—struck by the Cromwellian victory in the Civil War. A beloved brother of hers had fallen in battle. Everywhere were lost fortunes and broken hopes. All this, says Lord David, "attacked her at her most impressionable age." This did account, in part at least, for her submissiveness, her resignation in the matter of her own withheld happiness.

That she, loving and loved by William Temple so passionately and deeply, should not have stood out against her, and his, family's opposition may seem curious to the modern mind.

It is, however, an acquiescence perfectly explained not only by Lord David's reading of her temperament, but by the entire outlook of the Caroline gentry. (This passage of analysis is fascinating.) Accordingly, here in the Midland quiet of Chicksands, Dorothy walked in the garden, in meadows and by the streams and, weekly, wrote to William Temple some of the most beautiful letters that Time has left with us. The timeless truths of love, and of longing, are in them. Quotations from time to time punctuate, concentrate, Lord David's tracing of the course of the love story. How exquisitely is the narration done! In the end, they did marry, and silence falls. She had written—envisaging, hardly daring to envisage, that, longed-for marriage—"Shall we ever be so happy?" One does not know.

THOMAS GRAY'S encounter with the great world came when he was young, was overpowering and, in the long run, painful: it left him on the retreat. Only-surviving child of unhappily-married lower-middle-class parents, he was sent (by the kindly arrangement of an uncle) to Eton: there began his great friendship with Horace Walpole—and his more happy friendship with the obscure Richard West. Less directly romantic than the theme of Dorothy Osborne, I am not sure that this second study does not bring Lord David's pen into still more perfect, characteristic play. The tragi-comedy of Walpole's and Gray's fashions, with the inevitable emergence of temperamental differences, is masterpiece writing. These days, I think the subtleties of relations between people are overlooked—the presentation of such things is crude and dull. Here, not a fine shade is missed—the illusions, the ironies, the contrasts and disillusionments of this friendship between the Prime Minister's son and the shy, proud, poor young man who was to live to be recognised as one of the greatest writers of his time.

West's death—after Gray's break with Walpole—produced the anguish from which sprang forth the poems. After the short creative period came the Cambridge days—that withdrawn, rather frigid, shapely existence which in itself was a work of art.

Two Quiet Lives is an invaluable reminder of life's possibilities. Beautifully written, at once smiling and shadowy, each word and phrase ringing with nervous life, it is to me the most profound book Lord David Cecil has yet written. And how much *that* means, every reader will know:

T. O. BEACHCROFT, already of high repute as a short-story writer, gives us with *Asking for Trouble* (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.) an only too short but intensely interesting, because

intensely human, novel. Rose, the forty-year-old barmaid, working at the Coach and Six near Oxford Circus and sharing a room with her friend Madge, comes to feel an extraordinary concern for the fate of Norah, an eighteen-year-old she no more than knows by sight. She sees the girl's eager, witless, confident pursuit of happiness a repetition of her own story.

To ask for happiness—is that to ask for trouble? Rose, buoyant as she is, has been forced to think so. In the wartime crowd milling round the Coach and Six bar, Norah, bright-eyed, is to be watched losing her head about and her heart to the sinister so-called Free Frenchman Louis. Should Rose interfere—and, if so, how? She receives such a brutal snub as only youth can inflict. . . . *Asking for Trouble* is a triumph of non-sentimentality. The dialogue is characterised and brisk; what looked like an obvious ending is avoided—and Rose herself is as lovable as they come. I may say that parents of unruly young daughters may not find this an encouraging tale.



Abery

Hugh Waller, son of Mr. B. A. Waller, of West Malvern, Worcs., with the 29-lb. salmon he caught in the Rocks Waters, Builth Wells

a taxi-driver makes mischief; a proud old lady wages war on her impossible daughter-in-law; a murder is attempted. Miss Petry has, I should say, the art of engaging us in pretty vigorous feeling either for or against her characters. The novel has, possibly, one technical fault—why introduce a narrator, then describe events and thoughts of which he could not possibly know?

WHAT THE COUNTRYMAN WANTS TO KNOW," by Fred Kitchen and Clifford Greatorex (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), is a handbook *not* planned for the ignoramus, but for those who already know enough about country life to realise how much more is to be known still. Here are answered 204 questions—such as "Do bats lay eggs?" "What are singing mice?" "What is the doctor-fish?" "What are oak-apples?" "Is the blind-worm blind?" "Why is the cuckoo a parasite?" and so on. Superstitions—with which country lore abounds—are sympathetically examined, truths sifted out.

Winifred Lewis on Fashions

WHILE other women cock a dubious eye at the June weather and wonder if summer dresses in their wardrobes are to get an even chance of an airing in the next few months, the Fashion Reporter is called upon to gear her mind to the contemplation of cold-weather clothes, and the further extremities of her anatomy to the impress of hard gilt chairs. From these painful points of vantage she is invited daily at this season, and sometimes twice daily, to view the fashions which London designers and manufacturers have cooked up for next winter.

Regardless of current temperatures the mannequins, coolly imperturbable, drift through the crowded salons muffled from ear to ankle (and this is literally the case this season) in voluminous top-coats and winterweight tweeds.

If there are a few diehards who entertain the hope that the days of the longer skirt are numbered, they must now forever hold their peace. At all the autumn showings to date designers are unanimous and skirt hems cling, uncompromisingly, an inch or so below the calf.

THE voluminous top-coat, frequently made in a bold check tweed, swinging from a dropped shoulder-line into great skirt fullness, promises to be the season's unchallenged winner. At the showing of one important collection there was a noticeable variation from the loose-swinging back in a wide loose-fitting belt giving controlled fullness to the sweep of the back and leaving the front to swing unmolested.

Many of these top-coats show the high stand-away collar, which looks so well with a bright silk scarf passed under the collar and knotted, loosely, below the chin.

Fur trimming for coats is already making a tentative appearance on the heels of the Board of Trade announcement that this particular luxury could be restored to the "free list."

By and large, the coming winter fashions show no spectacular changes. Skirts are, on the whole, a little straighter, with less tendency to extravagant fullness. The whittled waist remains and hip contours are round and highly emphasised.

Pleating is abundant, especially for suit skirts, which hang in thick, calf-length pleats below short fitted jackets. Afternoon dresses, too, are abundantly pleated, in the case of finer silks often from shoulder to hemline, with crystal pleating controlled at the narrowing waistline with a decorated belt.



RECORD OF THE WEEK

THERE are many people who at the mention of the name Prokofiev hold up their hands in horror in much the same way that they do when discussing the art of Picasso. I suggest that it will be wise for those who think that way, and those who don't, to make a point of hearing the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sergius Celibidache, playing Prokofiev's *Classical Symphony* in D major, Opus 25.

It is in four movements, and does not take much more than twelve minutes to

play. It contains no unorthodox scoring, unless the fact that there are no trombones and three drums makes this so. Composed about the time of the Russian Revolution, it was written early on in Prokofiev's career, before the period when he was greatly influenced by the work of Stravinsky. Those who think of him only in terms of *Love of the Three Oranges* or *Peter and the Wolf* really should hear this exceptionally well-balanced performance of something I know they will enjoy. (H.M.V. C.3729-30.)

Robert Tredinnick.

AT all the shows, the subtlety and beauty of the season's predominating colours have been a noticeable feature. Wool fabrics, especially, appear in lovely muted pastel shades with donkey brown, cloudy pinks, muted red and pungent yellows coming up repeatedly, the obvious favourites. Pale colours are no longer rejected on the assumption that they are "unservicable." A very substantial number of the models shown for outdoor wear at current shows are of bright or delicate pastel shades. English women are developing a much bolder sense of colour in line with the great improvement in dyeing processes. Bright colours, no longer shrill, bloom in the streets through every season—a welcome and much-needed answer to a climate so predominantly grey.

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



O'Donoghue—Pound

Lt. D. H. O'Donoghue, R.N., younger son of Major and Mrs. R. J. O'Donoghue, of Hill House, Abinger Hammer, Surrey, married Miss Isobel Marion Pound, niece of Miss J. G. Pound, of Edinburgh, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, last month



Pearson—Hall

Mr. John Pearson, only son of Mr. H. A. Pearson, and of the late Mrs. Pearson, of Blackheath, S.E.3, married Miss Christina Joan Hall, only daughter of Instr. Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Hall, K.B.E., C.B., A.R.C.S., and Lady Hall, of Blackheath, at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich



Liddell—Downes Kent

Mr. Peter John Liddell, D.S.C., son of Cdr. and Mrs. L. C. Liddell, of Wimborne, married Miss Dorothy Priscilla Downes Kent, daughter of Mr. Ormond W. Downes, of Beverly Hills, California, and of Mrs. Lawrence R. Kent, of Brook Street, W.1, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Satow—Harden

Lieutenant Paul Francis Christopher Satow, M.B.E., R.N., only son of Cdr. and Mrs. C. P. Satow, of Knock-Mill Farm, Kingsdown, Sevenoaks married Miss Patricia Antoinette Harden, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. E. T. Harden, of Redwells, Hayling Island, at St. Ann's Church, Portsmouth Dockyard



Colson—Gavin

Lt.-Col. E. B. Colson, D.S.O., the Dogra Regiment, married Miss Mary Frances Gavin, M.B.E., elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Gavin, of Clonown, Athlone, Eire, at Ootacamund, Nilgiris

Bird—Milligan

Capt. Peter Clarence Bird, R.F.E., son of Lt.-Gen. Sir Clarence Bird, K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O., and Lady Bird, M.B.E., married Mary Diana (Molly) Milligan, younger daughter of the late Mr. Milligan and of Mrs. Milligan, at Southwell Minster, Notts.



Rayon gabardine for these coolest of cool, loose fitting shorts; sketched here on the beach, they are equally attractive for any outdoor sport. 3 coupons.

for men

Elastic waist style with inset support; in white, grey, navy, rust, royal, cream and fawn. Waist 28-36. Price £4.1.0.

for women

Button waist style in champagne, light grey, white, navy, ice blue, duck egg and tan. Waist 24-30. Price £4.4.11.

... and Sandals

In Lillywhites Ladies Shoe Department on the Fourth Floor you will find an excellent selection of inexpensive Beach Shoes and Sandals.

Lillywhites
LTD

PICCADILLY CIRCUS TEL: WHITEHALL 3181

Dubarry

FACE POWDER



Air floated by a special process and sifted through silk, Dubarry Face Powder reaches a degree of fineness hitherto unattainable. The secret of the perfect matt complexion. Stays on longer than most powders.

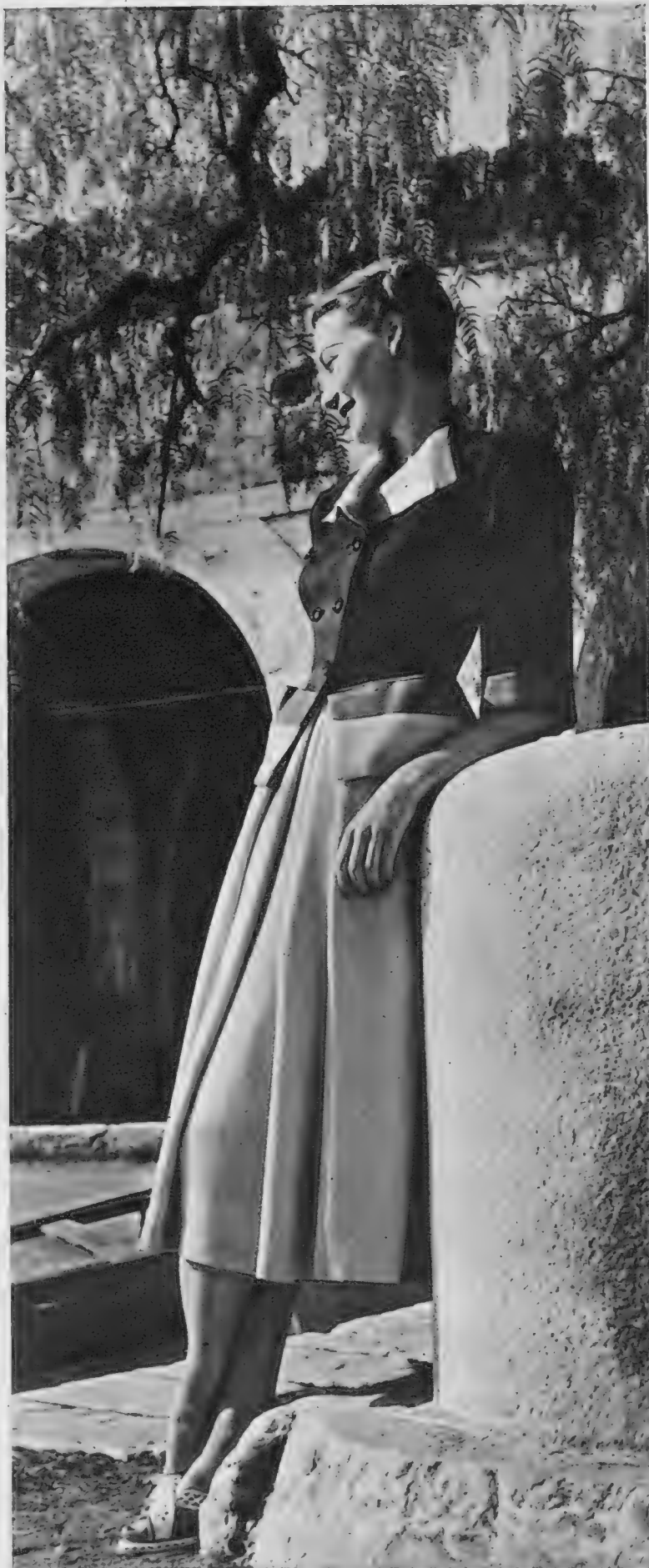
Price 4/9 inc. Tax from Chemists and Stores.

Ask also for Dubarry Talcum, Shampoo, Lavender Water, Eau-de-Cologne, etc.



You can SEE the SHADE in this new Transparent Box!

DUBARRY PERFUMERY CO. LTD. HOVE SUSSEX



A Model in Hopsack Rayon

MATITA
Couture Sport

LONDON PARIS
NEW YORK

MEMBERS: LONDON MODEL HOUSE GROUP

Jacqmar

are proud to present
the largest selection
of fine dress materials,
suitings and coatings
to be found
anywhere in the world.

Jacqmar

16, Grosvenor Street London.W.1.

The "London" Look

BRINGS PLEASURE TO LEISURE

'HAVANA' One-piece
Playsuit.—Top and shorts
combined. The low back
has a zipp fastener opening.
In plain and striped Rayons.
From 84/-. Six coupons.
From all good stores.



★ If any difficulty in
obtaining we will gladly
send you the name of
your nearest retailer.

LONDONUS
REGD
Super Sportswear
MADE IN ENGLAND

LOUIS LONDON & SONS, 14b, Henrietta Place, London, W.1

The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Mary Plunkett-Erle-Drax, youngest daughter of Admiral the Hon. Sir Reginald and Lady Plunkett-Erle-Drax, of Charborough Park, Wareham, Dorset, who is to be married next month to Mr. Robert Holland, son of Major-Gen. and Mrs. S. E. Holland, of Whitelands House, London, S.W.



Harlip

Miss Caroline Worthington, only daughter of the late Mr. Greville Worthington, and the late Lady Diana Worthington, and a niece of the Earl of Feversham, who is to be married this month to Mr. Oliver Haskard, only son of Col. and Mrs. Dudley Haskard, of Alderbury Holt, Salisbury, Wilts.



Pearl Freeman

Miss Mary Douglas Scott, only daughter of Col. D. Scott, C.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Scott, of Irstead Manor, Neatishead, Norwich, who is to marry this month S/Ldr. Douglas Alan Sinclair, elder surviving son of the late Major W. F. Sinclair, and of Mrs. K. Sinclair, of Rotherfield, Sussex



Fayer

Miss Shirley Rachel Askew, only daughter of Mr. H. Royston Askew, of Aubrey Walk, London, W., and of the late Mrs. Askew, who is to marry next month Capt. Innes Arundel du Sautoy Watson, R.A., only son of Lt.-Col. R. H. M. Watson, D.S.O.; R.A. (retd.), and Mrs. Watson, of Chelsea



Miss Mary Jane Dearing, daughter of the late Mr. Sydney Dearing, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Dearing, of Highbury Grove, London, N., who is to be married next month to Lt. Cyprian Edmund Bickford, R.N., son of Cdr. J. E. P. Bickford, R.N. (retd.), of Bramble Hill, Ware, Herts., and of the late Mrs. Bickford



Miss Pamela Ann Glennie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. E. Glennie, of Wildwood Road, Hampstead Heath, London, N.W., who is to be married next month to Capt. Philip John Newling Ward, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Newling Ward, of The Old Rectory, Clapham, Sussex

Decolletage by Dior

a famous French designer has brought back the extremely daring decolletage unsurpassed for great occasions in a woman's life. Such splendour naturally demands the perfect grooming and meticulous make-up which are such an essential part of this "New Look".



Lovely women use Pomeroy

LONDON SALON; 174 NEW BOND ST., W.1

SKIN FOOD . CLEANSING CREAM . BEAUTY MILK . POWDER . LIPSTICK . DATHOS (for extra dry skins) . DAY CREAM
HAND LOTION . ASTRINGENT LOTION . FOUNDATION CREAM . MAKE-UP BASE . Prices from 18/6 to 4/- (inc. purchase tax)

Day and Evening Wear

Rosalinde Gilbert

MODEL GOWNS

Obtainable at

mayfair

COLCHESTER, SALISBURY, HEREFORD,
TREVIVIL, BARNSTAPLE, WINCHESTER,
AND OTHER BRANCHES.



SUMMER TREATMENT FOR FURS...



**Remodelling
& Renovation THEM INTO COLD STORAGE**

During the summer months your furs may be Renovated or Re-styled by expert Craftsmen then placed in the security of our Cold Storage vaults.

Selfridges

48 hours notice is requested for withdrawals to allow for temperature adjustment.

Tariff for Storage on request.
Furs Salon: Second Floor.

SELFRIDGES LTD., OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1

MAYfair 1234

Oliver Sturges

ON

FLYING

A FEW people, I am glad to say, are still trying to remind the public at large that there is such a thing as aviation. We are to have this year two air displays, both of which, in their different ways, ought to be of great merit. There is the *Daily Express* display at Gatwick Airport (on what used to be called the Southern Railway), and there is the Society of British Aircraft Constructors Display at Farnborough, which is to be open to the public on the final Saturday and Sunday.

I have not seen the programme, but I imagine that the *Express* show will be designed to produce thrills. It will be a real pageant of the kind that has proved successful in the past and that is certainly wanted to-day. As a people we are getting a little tired of the self-consciously educative, and therefore usually boring, air events. Aviation still has a certain amount of fun left in it from the old days before the gloomy influence of Ministries was brought to bear, and I think this fun will emerge at Gatwick.

As for the S.B.A.C. show, that has always provided the technical high-light of the year and it has done so without falling into the error of taking itself too seriously. We all know that it is important to export aircraft, aero-engines and air equipment, but the S.B.A.C. show organizers have been sensible enough to see that exports are best encouraged by a bright and entertaining display.

Technical Top-liner

THE thing that impressed me about Dr. Hall I. Hibbard, when I met him at luncheon the other day, was the contrast he offered to the popular idea of what the chief engineer of one of the

greatest aircraft constructing companies in the world would look like. I think the general idea is that a man of such high technical attainments would be extremely old, extremely absent-minded, dressed in a slovenly manner and wearing spectacles of enormous magnification! Instead of that Dr. Hibbard looks extremely young for the position he holds, is well dressed and does not wear spectacles except for reading.

This is the man, it must be remembered, responsible for the Lockheed Constellation, the most successful air liner the world has yet seen, for the P-80 jet fighter and the huge Constitution. His views on the future interested me greatly.

For example he believes that the Constellation has taken the piston-engined air liner as far as it can reasonably be expected to go. The next air liner to which Dr. Hibbard will direct his attention will be jet driven.

Keep the Tail

THEN there is the tail-less aeroplane. Dr. Hibbard confirms my view, which is that there are no advantages and many disadvantages in eliminating the tail. Stability and control must come from somewhere and if you take away the stabilizing and control surfaces from the tail, you must put them on at the wing tips—which is exactly what happens. But they create just as much drag at the wing tips and are less well placed for performing their jobs.

My contention has been for some time that the right solution is swept-back wings and the single-plane tail; that is to say, the tail which has fin and rudder but no horizontal stabilizer or elevator, or else the tail which has



Mrs. "Jill" Sumner, widow of the late Major W. A. R. Sumner, R.H.A., is now an air hostess with a charter firm. She is the daughter of Prebendary W. G. Arrowsmith, M.A., Chaplain to the King

horizontal stabilizer and elevator, but no fin or rudder. In short, the formula demonstrated in the Messerschmitt 163 and in the de Havilland 108 is, I believe, the right one.

Whittle

IT was good to see that Air Commodore Whittle was generously treated in the matter of awards to inventors. His work will always be remembered among engineers. But although he now argues that the Government of the day was right in withholding encouragement from him in the early stages of his work on gas turbines, I feel that judgment should be reserved. In his astonishing and fascinating book *Ordeal by Planning*, Professor John Jewkes—who worked for the Ministry of Aircraft Production during the war—puts a different aspect of the matter. This other aspect deserves study.

EXPORT

Here at home would-be readers of THE FATLER may meet with difficulties in placing their order; but THE FATLER is also an export. Your friends overseas can be supplied without delay. Subscription rates on application to: The Publisher, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

H N MANDELL 46 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W.1
Telephone REGent 4200



"Lindsay Maid"

Created in Scotland.

Designed and Manufactured by
J. H. LINDSAY & CO. (Lindsay Maid), LTD.
19 John Street, Glasgow, C.1

Infants' and children's
garments of highest
quality and artistry.

From all high-class
children's wear shops
and departments.

Phyllis Earle



★ Hair tinting in

all the delicate

perfection of soft

shades — the supreme

achievement of the tinting artist.

Permanent waving — exquisitely designed postiche —

facial treatments — manicure and pedicure. A complete

and comprehensive beauty service under one roof.

Phyllis Earle Ltd., 32 DOVER STREET • LONDON • W.1

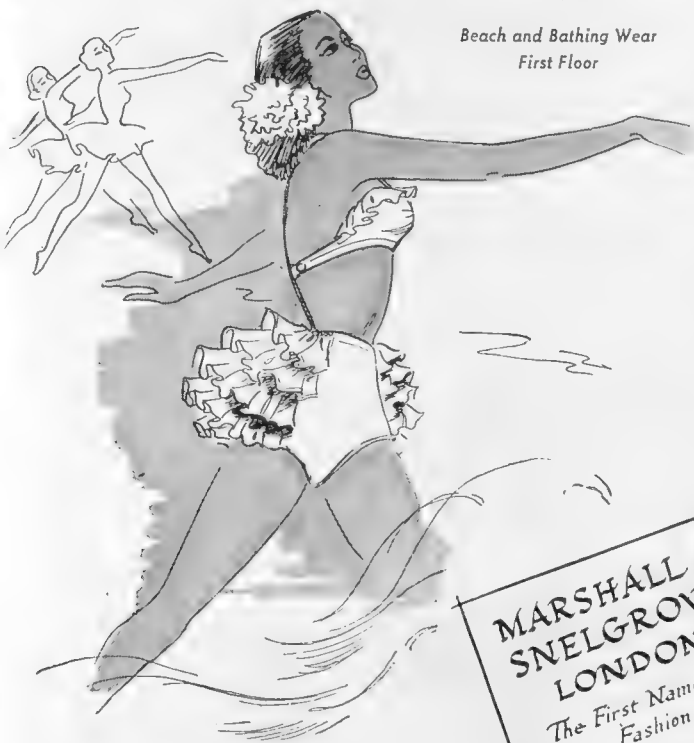
Telephone: Regent 7541 (10 lines)

Ballerina on the beach

The beautiful colours of this new swim suit include Red, Gold, Light Emerald, and Royal Blue. 75/9

3 coupons

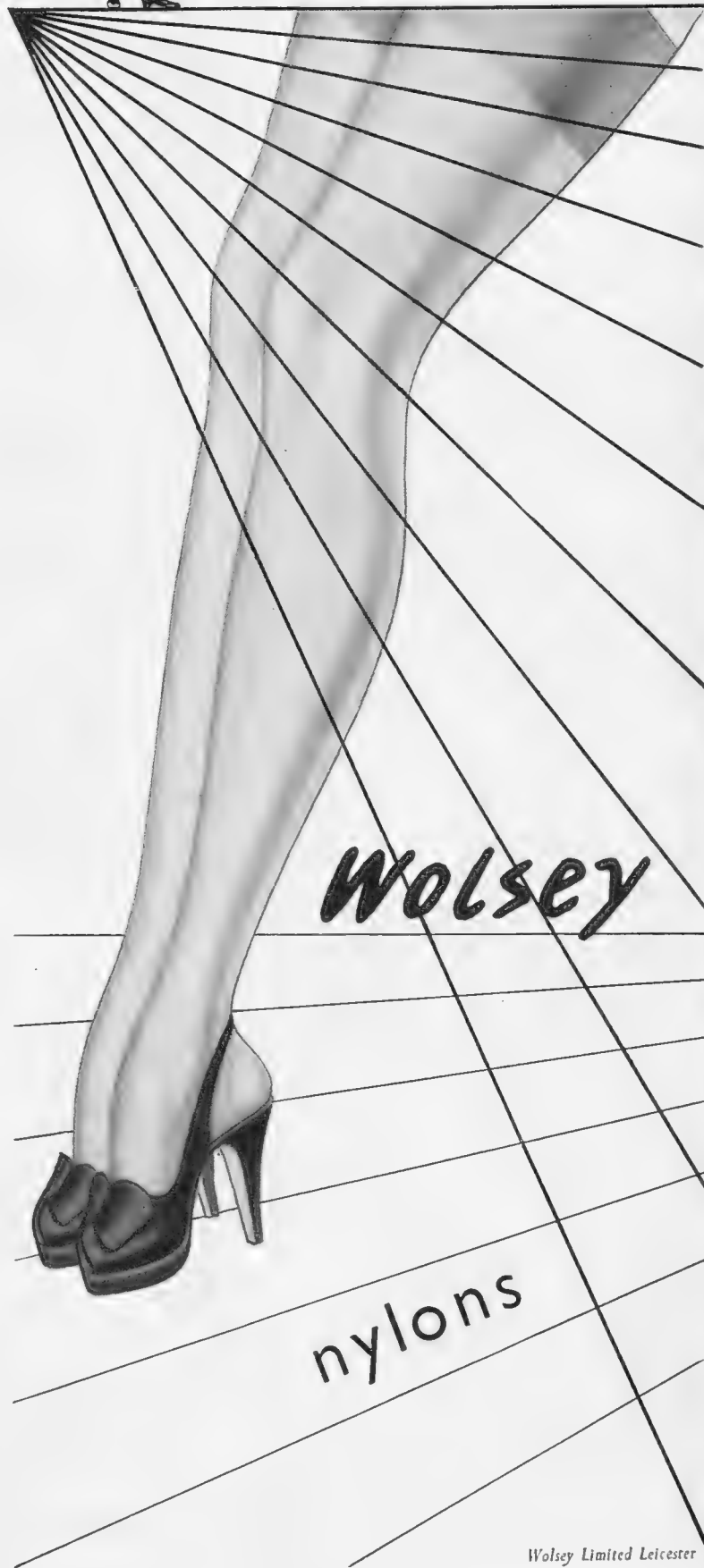
Beach and Bathing Wear
First Floor



MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
LONDON
The First Name in
Fashion



Pure... Allure...



Wolsey Limited Leicester

BRITISH RAILWAYS

Improved Summer Services

now in operation

- More trains for holiday travellers
- More Restaurant and Buffet Cars
- More expresses on which seats may be reserved in advance

Although every available passenger coach will be in service, even at the expense of interior and exterior decoration, we are still short of 6,000 coaches — therefore some standing at peak periods is inevitable



To please the palate, to bring back vitality, here is a stout supreme in quality, mellow in flavour, richly satisfying.

MACKESON'S STOUT
sets you up wonderfully



Tom Tower. Oxford

The great gateway to Christ Church, Oxford. The tower, designed by Wren, contains a medieval bell which daily rings for the closing of all the colleges.

Embassy
A CIGARETTE OF DISTINCTION
MADE BY W. D. & H. O. WILLS

LARGE SIZE MILD FLAVOUR PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED



Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

EM36R

Fashion demands

Coleman

CLOTHS

SAVILE ROW

At the leading stores

Alfred Coleman (Textiles) Ltd. (Wholesale only), 52 Savile Row, W.1

**FERNANDEZ
FINO**



PRODUCE OF SPAIN

NOW OBTAINABLE IN
LIMITED SUPPLIES
ASK YOUR RETAILER

**WARDONIA
BLADES**

SHAVE THE WARDONIA WAY

**KERFOOTS
MEDICINAL
LOZENGES**

based on the skill
and experience of
three generations



THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley • Lancashire

KG27



Meet the Steward!

Now that meals and light refreshments in flight are included in the fare on Continental services the steward can help to make your journey even pleasanter. B.E.A. service gets you there on time, in comfort and without fuss

Book through travel agents (no booking fee) or B.E.A. Offices in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Belfast, etc.

BEA

**BRITISH
EUROPEAN
AIRWAYS**

We too, serve Travellers



No DOUBT many of those who caught the Stage Coach at The George in Aldersgate in the eighteenth

century called first at the sign of The Black Horse in Lombard Street to fill their purses for the journey. To-day we can offer the traveller a much wider range of services. It is our endeavour to preserve the traditional friendliness and close personal contact with our customers which were such distinctive features of the old banking houses whose premises were so long graced by the sign of The Black Horse.

Let
LLOYDS BANK
look after your
interests



**MAKE
MINE
MYERS**

THE RUM
that's matured
and bottled in
Jamaica

★
70° PROOF



★★★★★★★★★★★★★
★ A Favourite 'Myers' Mix ★
★ 'MYERS' & GINGER ALE ★
★ Mix 'Myers' and Ginger Ale. ★
★ Add a few drops of Lemon ★
★ or Lime Juice. Use the ★
★ fresh fruit if available. ★
★ Serve, preferably with ice. ★
★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The new 'Myers' recipe booklet is full of good ideas. Not only for drinks but for using rum in the kitchen. Ask your supplier for a free copy or write to: Gillespie Bros. & Co. Ltd., Dept. W8, 82 Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3.

**This is
the Gin**



BY APPOINTMENT
GIN DISTILLERS
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI.
Tanqueray Gordon & Co., Ltd.

*Quality
Incomparable*

Gordon's
Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices: Per bottle 32/4; Half-bottle 16/11. U.K. only

PLAY SOLO...



and remember

SOLO

also means

**REAL ORANGE
JUICE**



DISCRIMINATING HOUSEWIVES
ask for **SOLO** Jams & Marmalade

Opening ANNOUNCEMENT

Mondaine
LIMITED
announce the
opening of their
New SHOE SALON at
109 NEW BOND ST.
LONDON, W.1.

Mondaine Ltd., 63 Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Sloane 6904 • 109 New Bond St., W.1. Mayfair 6439



CANADA beckons British trade

The Overseas Branch of National Provincial Bank, with its long experience and specialised knowledge, offers unique facilities for providing first-hand information relative to Canadian and Empire Markets, and all countries throughout the world.

A staff of experts is available to deal with every type of transaction, commercial or private, between this country and any part of the world.

Consult the local Branch Manager of

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

Head Office: 15 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

Principal Overseas Branch: 1 Princes Street, London, E.C.2.

NPB
for service

LEISURE WEAR for GIRLS

Girl's Grey Flannel Pleated Skirt
with Zip Fastener
Fitting 5 to 12 years.
(Also in NAVY FLANNEL)

5 1/4 to 60 1/4
according to size
Sizes 24 to 34
(4 coupons)

SKIRT
(as sketch)

54 1/4
(4 coupons)

White, Blue and
Tussore Poplin
blouses to tone
with Grey Skirt

White & Tussore
(3 coupons)

Blue (4 coupons)

Also Blouses in
Candy Stripes—
Red/White,
Blue/White,
Green/White.



Paisleys
LTD.

72-96 Jamaica Street,
2-12 Broomielaw
(Broomielaw Corner),
Glasgow, C.1

Telephone:
CEN 5087



JACOB'S

Water Biscuits

with the nutty flavour people like

★ Also specially packed for world-wide export

W. & R. JACOB & CO. (LIVERPOOL) LTD., BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS, ENGLAND



OLD BLEACH

Another name for quality
and one of the oldest
registered brands extant:

HOUSEHOLD LINENS ★ and ★ FURNISHING FABRICS



THE OLD BLEACH LINEN CO. LTD.
RANDALSTOWN, N. IRELAND




An entirely new type of face cream...

ARDENA VITAMIN CREAM

Elizabeth Arden's newest formula for the daily care of the skin is based on an entirely new combination of ingredients beneficial to every complexion. A rich luxurious emollient, it is especially recommended for a thin and mature skin . . . for the delicate areas about the eyes and mouth where tiny surface lines, the result of dryness, are apt to develop. Use Ardena Vitamin Cream for the general care of the skin which needs to be especially pampered to guard against the march of time. It softens, smooths and helps refresh the skin and it is so delightfully rich in consistency, so reassuringly fragrant and so pleasant to use that a treatment with this amazing new cream is a really delightful experience.



Elizabeth Arden



New!

GOR-RAY
Registered

Non-Utility

Fashioned from hundreds of fine materials — checks, pinheads, stripes, etc — notice the clever waistband.

Your local stockist will have a good selection

ONLY
3 GNS

GOR-RAY
SKIRTS ONE BETTER

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond St W1